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1922.

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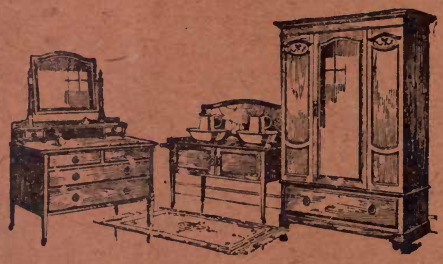

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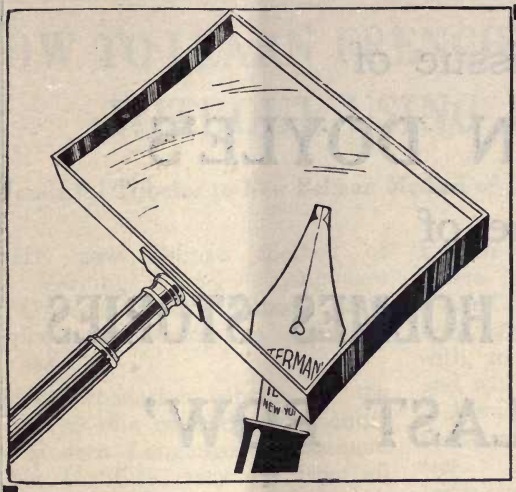

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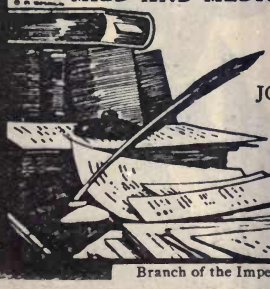

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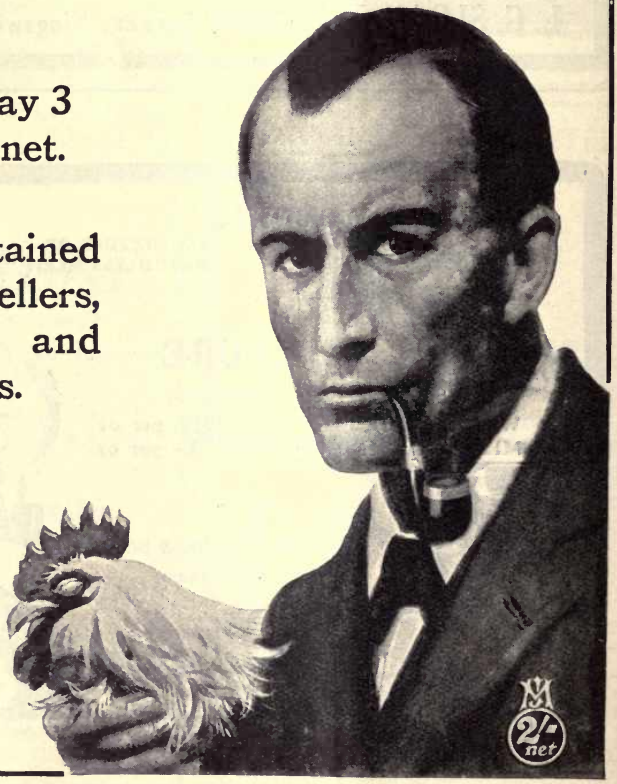

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THE
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MAY 1922.

H.R.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS ELISABETH FEODOROVNA OF RUSSIA.

BY THE COUNTESS ALEXANDER OLSOUFIEFF.

[*The writer of the following article, the Countess Alexander Olsoufieff, was for many years the 'Grande Maîtresse,' that is to say, the Mistress of the Robes to my sister, the late Grand Duchess Elisabeth Feodorovna of Russia. Advanced in age, an exile from her home and country, the Countess has put pen to paper to draw a portrait of the Mistress to whom she was profoundly devoted, in order to render a last service to the memory of her who is beyond the need of any earthly service now.*—VICTORIA MILFORD HAVEN.]

ONE figure stands out unforgettably among the thousands of the gay and gallant, the gifted and the worthy of honour, who have been done to death by the Soviet Government, so called, of Bolshevist Russia. It is a woman—a woman high-hearted and great of soul, whose destiny opened in the blaze of imperial splendour, and closed in the black depths of a Siberian mine, into which she was flung by her executioners at the end of a cruel martyrdom.

The Grand Duchess Elisabeth, sister of the Empress Alexandra of Russia, was the daughter of Princess Alice of Hesse, and granddaughter of Queen Victoria. She had received from her mother the early education which prepared her for her high destiny. This wise and tender mother instilled into her children from their earliest youth the main principle of Christianity, love for one's neighbour. She herself, though she always remained English at heart, won the warm love of her adopted country; endowed with tact and judgment, she founded many works of benevolence, and, during her short life, kept the welfare of the Duchy ever before her. Yet when she died her last wish was that the British flag alone should be laid on her coffin.

The Grand Duchess Elisabeth put her mother's teaching of

charity into practice, both by generosity in action and by restraint in speech. She never allowed herself to criticise anyone severely, and always found a kindly excuse for anyone in fault. When the charming Princess Ella became the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, the first seven years of her marriage were spent in the radiant glow of the Imperial Court at Petersburg. To please her husband she cultivated society, and society admired her. But she found no happiness in this sort of life, which failed to satisfy her heart. To appear at State functions was a duty of her high station, but this position she esteemed only according to the opportunities it afforded her for doing kind and generous actions. Radiantly beautiful, she showed herself at balls, sparkling with jewels, but on her calm brow her vocation was already printed, though perhaps not so clearly as the destiny that could be read on the face of her sister the Empress, for she, even in the height of prosperity, never quite lost the sad lines of the mouth which gave her beauty an impression of pre-ordained tragedy.

In 1891 the Grand Ducal pair established themselves in Moscow, where the Grand Duke Serge had been appointed Governor-General.

At this period the Grand Duchess began to give herself up to charitable works. People quickly got into the habit of referring to her, of putting her at the head of new organisations, of making her the patroness of all charitable institutions, and when the war with Japan broke out, she was well prepared to play the leading part in the great patriotic movement which carried away the whole of Russian Society, in its constant eagerness to help the wounded soldiers, whether in hospital, or at the front, far away from their own homes. The Grand Duchess became completely absorbed in this work; she was everywhere; she thought of everything which could contribute to the health and comfort of the soldiers, and she ministered to the spiritual needs of the Russian, so religious as he then was, by sending out many camp churches equipped with everything necessary for Divine Service. Under her supervision, too, splendid ambulance trains sped along the Trans-Siberian railway. But the most remarkable achievement which was due to her, and to her alone, was the organisation of women workers, drawn together from all stations of life, from the highest to the lowest, whom she united in the Kremlin Palace, where work-rooms were arranged. From morning till evening all through the war this busy hive worked for the army, and the Grand Duchess saw with joy that the immense gilded saloons hardly sufficed to

contain the workers ; in fact, the only room not used was the Throne Room. All her days were spent in this work, which assumed gigantic proportions. It was a whole Ministry in itself, a complete Department, differing from most ministries in the fact that the employees never spent an idle moment.

I appeal to my fellow country-women ; they will remember the charming vision of the woman so simply dressed in pale grey or blue, and under her white toque the face with its regular features, and that welcoming smile of hers, as she moved about among them, rejoicing in the sight of these hundreds of women united in the common purpose of alleviating, as far as possible, the sufferings of the men who were facing Japanese bullets in the Far East. Moscow worshipped its Grand Duchess, and showed its appreciation by the quantity of gifts daily brought to her for her soldiers, and the number of bales sent to the front from her workrooms was colossal. Her personality was so inspiring that the coldest people took fire from contact with her ardent soul, and threw themselves with zeal into the work of charity.

To me it is sweet to remember this busy time of work during the Japanese War, before there was any thought of the more awful war which was to lay Europe in ruins.

One day, when she was starting for her workrooms, the Grand Duchess heard near by the fearful explosion caused by the bomb thrown at the Grand Duke Serge on February 4, 1905.

Like his father, the Emperor Alexander II, he fell a victim to the revolutionaries, with this difference, that in the person of Alexander the Second the anarchists of 1881 killed an Emperor who was due the next day to sign a most liberal constitution, whereas the Grand Duke Serge never hid his apprehensions of giving to a people still so young the boon of liberty which was bound to be misused. We now see that his fears were justified ; these same socialists have been drowned in their own blood, and have fallen victims to the Bolshevist terror which they themselves let loose upon their country.

At the time of his father's death the Grand Duke Serge was quite a youth, and was living in Rome with his younger brother Paul, whose health required a warmer climate than that of Petersburg. From this period dated the paternal kindness of Pope Leo XIII to the Grand Duke Serge. His Holiness treated the young Princes with touching affection. When the news of the Emperor's assassination arrived in Rome, the Pope forbade anyone else to tell

them of it, reserving to himself the task of breaking it to them, and of praying with them in their sorrow. The Grand Duke always remembered with gratitude the kindness which the Pope had shown him, and never forgot how he had consoled him and his brother in the loss of their beloved father.

When the Grand Duke was appointed Governor at Moscow, the socialists were losing ground under the firm and truly national policy of the Emperor Alexander the Third; but the too kindly disposition of Nicholas the Second allowed them to raise their heads again. They felt that the Grand Duke Serge was an obstacle to their plans, and decided to remove him from their path. On February 4, 1905, he was blown to pieces in front of the Kremlin. The Grand Duchess was just leaving her palace to go to her work-rooms; she threw herself into her sledge and arrived on the scene of the disaster at the moment when a soldier was spreading his military cloak over the mangled remains to hide them from the poor wife.

Kneeling in the road she stretched out her hands to clasp the remains of the man who had been her husband. It may have been the horror of this scene which caused her from that day forward to give up all food which had once had life. Her daily fare consisted of milk, eggs, vegetables, and bread, and this long before she resolved upon the monastic life. In any case, the horror left a deep trace on her countenance which only passed away when, having learnt the futility of earthly existence, she received the experience of divine beauty, and after this time her eyes seemed to be gazing at a vision of the other world.

Thenceforward she gave herself up to the quest of perfection, and great was her gratitude to those who did not make their love a chain to drag her earthwards, but who tenderly watched her as she soared above them.

She laid aside her widow's veil on April 2, 1910, and put on that of the nun, in the Church of the Sisterhood of Martha and Mary, together with about thirty others eager to help in her work for suffering humanity.

It was a beautiful ceremony, which those who took part in it can never forget. She left the world where she had played a brilliant part, to go, as she said herself, 'into the greater world, the world of the poor and afflicted.' The Bishop, Triphonius, who in the world had been Prince Turkestanoff, presented her with the veil, saying these prophetic words: 'This veil will hide you from

the world, and the world will be hidden from you, but it will be a witness to your good works, which will shine before God, and glorify the Lord.'

So it came to pass. Through the grey veil of the Sisterhood her works shone with a divine radiance and led her to martyrdom.

The Little Sisters of the Poor in the Catholic Church had always attracted her, and the rules of the community which she founded showed the trace of this influence. The Convents of the Orthodox Religion, to which she belonged, are all under the rule of St. Basil the Great, a contemplative order engaged in prayer and religious exercises; this did not satisfy her. She believed that prayer and contemplation should be the final reward of those who have given their whole strength to the service of God; she believed that work should be the foundation of the religious life, and prayer its relaxation. In her Sisterhood, therefore, the Sisters were called upon to work outside the walls of their convent, in contrast to those of the Greek Orthodox Church, who go out but rarely, and only on special occasions. The Sisters of Martha and Mary visited the poor and sick, helping them in every possible way, caring for the children, cleaning the homes, and bringing with them everywhere joy and peace. But the hardest tasks were always undertaken by their Mother Superior, who knew that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and who felt that she herself had strength for anything. Her soul grew and prospered in this life of privation; always calm and serene, she found time and strength sufficing for this never-ending work. She lived in three tiny rooms, white and clean, separated from the hospital by the church, furnished with wicker chairs, and adorned only by holy icons, thank-offerings from those who loved and honoured her. She slept on a wooden bed without a mattress, and with a hard pillow; but, tired out after her busy day, she fell asleep at once. Often she had only two or three hours' sleep, and even these were sacrificed to friends who begged her to let them come to her at a late hour. At midnight she rose to attend prayers in her church, and then made the rounds of her hospital. If one of the patients gave cause for anxiety, she sat down at his bed-side and remained there till dawn, trying to soothe him through the weary night hours. With her exquisite intuition of heart and mind she succeeded in finding words of comfort, and the invalids vowed that her presence alone brought relief to their pain; they felt, as it were, a healing emanation, which gave them patience, and even serenity, in the midst of their

sufferings, while the timid faced their operations bravely when fortified by her comforting words.

Perhaps these lines will meet the eyes of some of those in her own country whom she helped through this agonising hour. If, in spite of the tenderest care, the patient had to die, it was in her arms that this brother or sister in Christ passed away. The Greek Orthodox Church ordains that during the two days which elapse before burial, the psalms should be read without ceasing over the dead person. Generally this duty is performed by nuns from a convent, and the sisters of Martha and Mary were often called upon for this task, but the night hours were always taken by the Mother Superior. In the chapel erected for this purpose at the end of the garden, she watched alone by the dead, and in the solitude of the night her voice was heard repeating the words of the psalmist.

The large hospitals of Moscow soon recognised the excellence of the treatment in the Grand Duchess's hospital, where only fifteen patients were received, and the most desperate cases were sent to her. I remember, for instance, the cook of a poor household who had burnt herself by upsetting an oil stove; the burns covered too large a surface for science to cure—no skin was left intact except on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. She was brought already suffering with gangrene from one of the hospitals of the town. The Grand Duchess herself did the dressings, which were so painful that she had to pause each moment to comfort and reassure the patient. It took two hours and a half, twice a day, to do the dressings, and the Grand Duchess's gown had to be aired afterwards to get rid of the terrible smell of gangrene, yet she persevered in the treatment, till at last the woman was cured, to the astonishment of the doctors, who had given her up. The Grand Duchess was admired by all the great surgeons, who begged for her help when they had a difficult operation to perform. She assisted the operator with wonderful calm and concentration, attentive to each wish of the surgeon. She had successfully overcome the first natural repulsion, and felt only the satisfaction of being of use.

Among other things she founded a Home for incurable consumptives among women of the poorest class, and visited this 'house of death' twice a week. The patients often showed their gratitude by embracing her, without any thought of the danger of infection, and she never once flinched from their embraces. To this Home for consumptive women she was especially devoted.

Her main object was to give a little comfort and a few luxuries to servants sent away when their illness was no longer in doubt, when the hospitals refused to take them in, and there was nothing left for them but death in the direst poverty. These poor creatures were cared for and nursed in a cheerful house with a big garden, where they often gained fresh hope of getting well, the Grand Duchess helping them in this; but often, too, they passed away in peace, recommending their dear ones to their benefactress. How often a dying mother said to her: 'My children are no longer mine, they are yours, for they have no one but you in the world!' There was no limit to the list of her good deeds, or to the sums she spent on them. Her personal expenses were almost nothing; indeed, there were whole months when a few pence covered the cost of her toilette.

After her husband's death, when she decided to follow the higher life, she divided her jewels into three parts; one of these she gave back to the Russian Crown, and I suppose they are among the number stolen by the Bolshevists, and now serving to defray the expenses of revolutionary propaganda. A second part she distributed among her nearest relations, and the third and very considerable part was sold for the benefit of her charities. She kept nothing, not even her wedding ring; the only ornament she ever wore was a wooden cross hung round her neck on a white ribbon. Usually she wore grey or white cotton dresses, keeping the white woollen robes for great occasions. In order not to attract notice when she went into the town she usually wore black, with a black veil on her head; but sometimes she was seen wearing her grey gown and veil, and then she would be recognised and greeted with respect and veneration.

It is impossible to realise that one will never again see this being, so different from all others, so far above the common level, so captivating in her beauty and her charm, so compelling by her goodness; she had the gift of drawing people to her without effort; and one felt that she moved on a higher plane, and gently helped one upwards. She never made one feel one's own inferiority; on the contrary, without any false humility on her part, she brought out the best qualities of her friends.

As soon as the Great War broke out, when our brave soldiers still formed the splendid Russian Army, the Empress's sister felt it her duty to help the Sovereign, who naturally was at the head of the patriotic movement.

The Dowager Empress, the young Empress, and the Grand Duchess Elisabeth divided amongst them the two fronts, the Eastern or German front, and the Southern or Austrian—not to speak of the Turkish front, which was less extended, but where the fighting was quite as fierce.

The Empresses and the Grand Duchess drew into their organisation all ranks of society, officials small and great, government employees, and all the hierarchy of feminine society from the highest to the lowest. The Red Cross on the white apron was worn by all those who were able to leave their homes and devote themselves to the one great and absorbing consideration, war and victory. No sacrifice was too great—money was poured out like water—life counted as nothing in the balance.

It is not my business to tell of those heroic days when almost all the youth of Russia perished, when our splendid regiments, three and four times decimated, were at once filled up again with men and officers; Russia poured forth her noblest blood for honour and loyalty's sake. In February 1917, the maximum military effort was attained, the front from the Baltic to the Black Sea was bristling with troops and guns. We seemed on the point of triumphing over Germany and Austria, but it was decreed otherwise. An extraordinary collapse, unparalleled in history, took place. On March 1 the Emperor Nicholas abdicated. A handful of men, whose political incapacity was only equalled by their blindness, their narrow-mindedness, their petty ambitions, proved a powerful instrument of destruction to cast down the mighty from their seats.

In Russia monarchy, religion, love of country were all inextricably intertwined; soldiers died hourly with the words 'For Tsar and Country' on their lips.

The Emperor Nicholas was the loyal ally of the Entente, and repudiated with horror the idea of a separate peace. When once he had fallen, there was a general collapse. The dyke had given way. In vain did the officers sacrifice their lives in trying to stop the soldiers; in vain did whole battalions, entirely composed of officers, attack the enemy's lines: their example had no effect on their subordinates, who watched their chivalrous sacrifice with sardonic mockery, while they parleyed with the Germans behind their backs. A long procession of men, demoralised and bolshevised by the Germans, passed back into Russia, bringing discontent and rebellion into their homes and villages.

What sadness filled the heart of the Grand Duchess! Yet she

continued to love the country of her adoption, as is shown by the words she wrote to an old friend: 'Russia and her children at this moment know not what they do; they are like a sick child, whom one loves a hundred times more in his sickness than when he is well and happy. One longs to alleviate his sufferings, to help him and teach him patience. This is what I feel more every day.'

Her greatness of soul could forgive everything. Was it not she who, on the day after the death of her husband, went to see his murderer in prison? This action was misunderstood; many thought that she went to visit him so as to be able to obtain his pardon from the Emperor, but hers was a different aim. She obtained permission for the door to be unlocked, and went alone into the cell. When the assassin saw her before him he said 'Who are you?'

'I am his widow. Why did you kill him?'

'I did not want to kill you,' he said. 'Several times I saw him when I had the bomb in my hands, but you were with him and I spared him.'

'And you did not think that you were killing me together with him?' Then she spoke of the horror of the crime and of the Divine displeasure. She held the Gospel in her hand and begged him to read it. She hoped that the erring soul would make its peace with God before appearing before Him. Death to her was but an empty word; she feared the judgment of God even for her enemy. In her great goodness she felt it intolerable that even he who had robbed her of happiness should die impenitent. She still begged him to read the words of the Gospel, which she thought would touch his hardened heart. 'I will read it,' he said, 'if you will promise to read the journal of my life; you will then see how it was I resolved to destroy everyone who stands in the way of our anarchist principles.' She did not read the journal—but the Gospel stayed on the table in the cell. On coming out she said sadly to some of those who had stayed outside: 'I have failed.' Yet, who knows? Perhaps in the moment of death he may have acknowledged and repented his sin.

We see her thus at each period of her life, even the most terrible, forgetting herself to think only of others. Immediately after the death of the Grand Duke, she had hardly realised the greatness of her loss before she thought of the other victim of the crime, her husband's devoted coachman, who was dying in hospital, his body full of nails and splinters of wood from the carriage. As soon as

he saw her he cried 'How is His Imperial Highness?' To veil the truth, which would have distressed him, she spoke these simple and beautiful words: 'It is he who sends me to you.'

One could quote several of these sayings of hers which were all the more impressive as coming from one who never thought of making an effect.

This slight sketch of her character would be incomplete did I not mention the political sagacity of the Grand Duchess.

She very wisely avoided even the suspicion of interference in the affairs of State, great as was the unhappiness these were causing her. Twice only did she depart from the line of conduct she had traced out for herself. On the first occasion she wrote a letter to the Emperor, in which, with all the respect due from a subject, she spoke of her great fear of danger in the future both for those whom she loved and for Russia.

Soon afterwards, in December 1916, she went to Petersburg to plead for a cause, alas, already lost:—had her advice been taken the tottering monarchy might, perhaps, have been saved. She was in favour of a complete entente between the Emperor and the Duma for the strict observance of the constitutional laws promulgated in October 1905, and for a responsible Ministry. She also urged that the fatal Rasputin should be sent back to Siberia.

The Empress begged her not to speak to the Emperor on the subject of her letter, saying that he was leaving next day for the front, and must not be troubled with political questions, but that she herself would willingly listen.

When the Grand Duchess touched on the thorny question of Rasputin the Empress could not be dissuaded from her belief in his sanctity, in spite of what the Grand Duchess told her of his scandalous life, which he had managed to hide successfully from Her Majesty's eyes. So mistaken was the latter in his character that all she would say in answer to her sister's remonstrances was: 'We know that saints have been maligned before this.'

The Grand Duchess then had a glimpse into the future. 'Remember,' she said, 'the fate of Louis XVI.' Alas, she was mistaken only in the magnitude and horror of the catastrophe which was to come.

On the first day of the Revolution, March 1, 1917, a raging crowd surrounded her house, and a lorry full of men, mostly criminals let loose from prison, came to arrest her and take her to the Town Hall on the charge of being a German spy. She sent all the

frightened women into the back of the house, and went out alone to talk to the men. 'What do you want with me?' she said.

'We have come to take you to be tried; you are concealing weapons; German Princes are hiding in your house.'

'Come in,' she said. 'Look round, search everywhere, but let only five of you come in.'

'Dress yourself to come with us.'

'I am the Superior of the Convent,' she said. 'I must make final arrangements and say good-bye to my Sisters.' She had given the order for the Sisters to assemble in the church and for a Te Deum to be sung. Turning to the revolutionaries she said; 'Come into the church, but put down your arms in the entrance.' They followed her. After the Te Deum she went up to the Cross, signing to the men to come after her. Under the spell of her calm they followed her and kissed the cross too. 'Now go and search for whatever you think you will find.' The priest Mitrophanes accompanied them, and they soon came back to the howling mob outside, saying 'It is a convent and nothing more.'

For the moment the danger was averted. Some hours afterwards the Provisional Government, at that time still composed of moderate men, came to the Community to make excuses for the disturbance caused by this group of gaol-birds, and to assure the Grand Duchess that they had had no knowledge or share in this attack. She received them, and asked them how the Revolution was going. 'Do you wish us to tell you the truth?' they said.

'Yes, always tell me the truth.'

'This is the first day of the socialist revolution and we have no means of resisting the wave of anarchy which is sweeping over us. We have come to beg Your Highness to move into the Kremlin, where it will be easier to safeguard you.'

'I did not come out of the Kremlin in order to be driven back into it by revolutionary force; if it is difficult for you to safeguard me, pray do not attempt it.'

She continued to live in the Community, to nurse the soldiers in her hospital, and to give free meals to the poorest people—in short, she made no change in her life, except that she redoubled the fervour of her prayers. She lived with calm and serenity, giving herself up entirely to the will of God. At the moment when Bolshevism was let loose, in April 1918, she wrote to an old friend as follows:

'One must fix one's thoughts on the heavenly country in order to see things in their true light, and to be able to say "Thy will be

done," when one sees the complete destruction of our beloved Russia. Remember that Holy Russia, the Orthodox Church "against whom the Gates of Hell shall not prevail," still exists, and will always exist. Those who can believe this without a doubt will see the inner light shining through the darkness in the midst of the storm. I am not *exaltée*, dear friend, I am only certain that the God who chastises is the same God who loves. I have been reading the Bible a good deal lately, and if we believe in the sublime sacrifice of God the Father in sending His Son to die and rise again for us, we shall feel the Holy Spirit lighting our way, and our joy will become eternal, even if our poor human hearts and earthly minds pass through moments which seem terrible. Think of a storm :—there are some things sublime in it, some things terrifying; some are afraid to take shelter, some are killed by it, and some have their eyes opened to the greatness of God; is not this a true picture of the present times ? We work, we pray, we hope, and each day we feel more and more the divine compassion. It is a constant miracle that we are alive. Others are beginning to feel the same, and they come to our Church to seek rest for their souls. Pray for us, dear heart.

Always your old and faithful friend.'

Then comes a postscript, which was read with deep gratitude and emotion by the person to whom it was addressed :

' Thank you for the dear past.'

This was the last farewell, said as simply as everything else in her life.

Later, it was known that she had lived in her Community of Martha and Mary till July 1918, when the Bolshevist Soviet determined to effect her disappearance first, and her death later. At Moscow, in spite of the terror reigning among the population, the indignation would be too great and must be avoided. They sent her an order, false like everything else done by the Bolshevist Government, to leave Moscow and join the Emperor and his family at Ekaterinburg. She asked for two hours to prepare herself for this distant journey, but the request was refused. She left under the guard of Lithuanian soldiers and accompanied by a devoted nun, Sister Barbara.

It is known that the Grand Duchess wrote twice to her confessor, Father Mitrophanes. The first time she said that the Lithuanian guards had been very harsh to her in the beginning, but that they had since become kinder, and had therefore been exchanged for

Russian guards, who were ruthless and brutal. The second letter asked for the Patriarch of Moscow, who was then still at liberty, to intercede for her, so that she might be accorded the vegetarian food to which she was accustomed.

It is not known whether the infamous Lenin granted this modest boon. A heavy curtain has fallen on this last period of her life. Complete darkness reigned till the moment when a few short notices appeared in the newspapers, mentioning her murder. *The Times* of August 1920 published some articles of most pathetic interest on the martyrdom of the Russian Emperor and his family, and mentioned, amongst the number killed, the Grand Duchess Elisabeth, three of the Grand Dukes, and Prince Paley, son of the Grand Duke Paul—these were all brought from the depths of the Siberian forests to the mouth of an abandoned coal-mine, and it is said that they were still alive when they were thrown into it. Whether the Grand Duchess survived her fall into those black depths, and whether she died of starvation, we do not know ; only one thing is certain, that she suffered patiently, that she died serenely, and that, as long as life lasted, she never ceased to praise the God from whom her soul drew its strength. Knowing her as well as I did, I can say with certainty that she thanked God for her sufferings, which she could offer up as a sacrifice for the souls of her murderers. I believe as firmly as I believe in an after-life, that she never uttered a complaint, and that she thanked God for throwing open to her, through suffering, a place among His elect. She was of the same stuff as the early Christian martyrs who died in the Roman arenas. Perhaps in the time of our grand-children the Church will beatify her as a saint.

In the time of Admiral Koltchak, a pious hand collected her mortal remains, and they were transferred first to Kharbin and then to Pekin. At the time of writing, I hear that owing to the efforts of her sister, Victoria, Marchioness of Milford Haven, they have been conveyed from Shanghai to Port Said, and from thence to Jerusalem, where they will rest in holy ground in the church of St. Mary Magdalene, near the Judgement Gate, dedicated to the memory of the Empress Marie, wife of Alexander II.

Among her ancestors the Grand Duchess Elisabeth numbered Mary Queen of Scots and St. Elizabeth of Hungary. She chose the latter as her example, and followed in her steps. The mediaeval saint had a hard life, the modern saint received the crown of martyrdom.

This martyrdom could have been avoided had she chosen, but she accepted it of her own free will. In the spring or summer of 1917—I am not sure which—the Swedish Minister came to Moscow at the express desire of the German Emperor to advise the Grand Duchess to leave Russia, where terrible events were to take place.

No one knew this as well as the Emperor, who was working to destroy Russia by the means of anarchist propaganda, and who had just made a fatal gift to this unhappy country by sending her Lenin and his Jewish adherents. These worthy henchmen were about to drench with blood the town where the Emperor's cousin was living, working, and praying.

The Swedish Minister, representing a neutral power, was received by her, and urged her to follow the Emperor's advice. She listened attentively, and answered that she, too, believed that terrible times were at hand, but that she would share the fate of her adopted country, and would not leave her spiritual family, the Sisters of the Community. Then she rose and concluded the audience. She had signed her own death-warrant.

Now the prophetic words of Bishop Triphonius are being fulfilled; her good works shine before God. Her body, they say, remains untouched by corruption, and around her tomb numbers of people are flocking to obtain by her intercession the favour of the Most High.

HISTORY AND FICTION.

BEING PART OF THE SIDGWICK MEMORIAL LECTURE AT NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, 1921.

HISTORICAL fiction is not history, but it springs from history and reacts upon it. Historical novels, even the greatest of them, cannot do the specific work of history; they are not dealing, except occasionally, with the real facts of the past. They attempt instead to create, in all the profusion and wealth of nature, typical cases imitated from, but not identical with, recorded facts. In one sense this is to make the past live, but it is not to make the facts live, and therefore it is not history.

Historical fiction has done much to make history popular and to give it value, for it has stimulated the historical imagination. Indeed, a hundred years ago it altered our whole conception of the past, when Scott, by his lays and novels, revolutionised history. He found it, in his boyhood, composed of two elements distinctive of eighteenth-century thoughts—first, the patient antiquarianism that was laying the foundations of history proper, and, secondly, a habit of sententious generalisation which, though much in advance of the wholly unphilosophic historical gossip of preceding ages, missed a number of the most important points for want of sympathy and experience. 'The age of common sense' had forgotten, among other things, what a revolutionist or a religious fanatic was really like.

This form of the historical art, with its sound antiquarianism and its superficial analysis, was already moribund, having reached perfection under the hands of Gibbon. For within its narrow limits something like perfection was possible to this kind of history, and perfection cannot grow. No one could improve on Pope, so poetry stood still for fifty years, till Wordsworth gave it 'another heart and other pulses.' History had not so long to wait. For Scott followed on Gibbon so soon as to leave history no time to dawdle and decay, perched on the height where the great master had set it. Gibbon had traced in his cold, clear outline the procession of fourteen calamitous centuries, that move past us with slow and stately pace, each as like to the one that it follows as are the figures in the frieze of the Parthenon. That was how Scott found history;

he left it what it has been ever since, an eager aspiration, destined to perpetual change, doomed to everlasting imperfection, but living, complex, broad as humanity itself.

To the calm eye of Gibbon mankind remained from the age of the Antonines to the age of Rienzi essentially the same, divided up in each succeeding era into a number of formulæ—the magistrates, the philosophers, the priests, the nobles, the plebeians, the Barbarians —each class retaining the same generalised character throughout the piece. It was Sir Walter who first showed us how not only clothes and weapons, but thought and morals vary according to the period, the province, the class, the man. To him the pageant of history was more like a Walpurgis night than a Parthenon procession. His Shakespearean wealth of imagination and breadth of sympathy, furnished with ever fresh material from the mine of his antiquarian researches, answered more truly than Gibbon's classicism to the wild variety of nature, for ever making and breaking new types of men and things. The most famous lines of the poetry of Scott's own era, though I dare say Sir Walter thought them sad stuff, read like an ætherialised version of his own view of history :

'Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river,
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.
But they are still immortal
Who, through birth's Orient portal
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
Clothe their unceasing flight
In the brief dust and light
Gathered around their chariots as they go.
New shapes they still may weave,
New Gods, new laws, receive :
Bright or dim are they, as the robes they last
On death's bare ribs have cast.'

Not only poets, but historians who came after Scott thought quite differently about the past from those who came before him. Macaulay, when he and the century were each twenty-eight years old, wrote an essay on 'History' (now printed in his Miscellaneous Works). The young essayist there sketched out the kind of history which he already aspired to write, and actually wrote twenty years later. He says : 'Sir Walter Scott has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them. But

a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated.' Now, if you will look to see what Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon lack, you will see at once how very large are the 'fragments of truth' that even the greatest historians 'threw behind them' before Scott taught them better. Everything that is intimate, everything that is passionate, everything also that is of trivial or daily occurrence, all the colour and all the infinite variety of the past. It is not merely the 'truly great historian,' but the middle-sized and small historians whose sphere has been enlarged by the pioneer work and infectious example of Scott. But the great ones no doubt profited most greatly. Scott 'fished the murex up,' so that Carlyle outdid Macaulay in azure feats; 'both gorged'; but Scott himself, we all rejoice to remember, managed to 'eat turtle' for awhile.

An historical novelist, if he is to be anything more than a boiler of the pot, requires two qualities: an historical mind apt to study the records of a period, and a power of creative imagination able to reproduce the perceptions so acquired in a picture that has all the colours of life. Some writers, like Charlotte Yonge, Charles Reade, Mr. Stanley Weyman, and Mr. John Buchan, in his last set of short historical tales, 'The Path of the King'—far the best thing he has written—can do valuable work, each in his own degree, by exploiting carefully the results of modern historical scholarship, with the help of the amount of imagination that each has.

In some of the early historical novels of Sir Quiller Couch—'The Blue Pavilions,' for example, or 'The Splendid Spur'—imagination plays the greater part. The historical setting, though not unscholarly, seems to have been chosen mainly as supplying an enfranchisement from the world of present-day reality for a young author who wished to let his humour and fancy run wild in the pastures. Yet he has enough of the historical sense to make the times of Charles I or William III serve very naturally the purposes of his freakish imagination.

Charles Kingsley and Mr. Kipling both exercise a great effect in stimulating the imagination of young and old—Mr. Kipling especially in this generation, brought up at the foot of Pook's Hill. Both men had the gift of imagination. Both succeeded in reproducing in the brightest living colours the social, political, and military details, and the material scenery of the past. But they had a failing in common. Their actors are too modern in thought and motive. Kingsley's Saxon and Tudor heroes are,

too patently, muscular Christians and Victorian gentlemen. Mr. Kipling's Romans and Normans are 'subs,' fresh from Harrow and Sandhurst, engaged in saving the Empire. We should expect this in these authors, for both are tendencious by nature. But the fault of 'modernising' character and motive is to some degree unavoidable in writing novels about remote ages, because when we cannot know what the people were really like, all we can do is to fashion substitutes out of our own modern experience. Now, although human nature is somewhat the same in all ages, we may be sure it was not so much the same as all that.

'Ivanhoe' is less like the Middle Ages than 'Puck of Pook's Hill,' because when it was written even less was known about the period. But, in its day, 'Ivanhoe' was the greatest single step towards opening out the Middle Ages to modern conception; for it was the first attempt to envisage our distant ancestors as human beings at all. And when we come to the Scottish novels of Scott and Stevenson, the fault of 'modernising' is much less marked. As compared with Kingsley and Mr. Kipling, Scott and Stevenson were less tendencious and more Shakespearian in their range of sympathy, and in their most successful tales they chose Scottish themes in periods sufficiently modern to allow the introduction of the language and character of the vigorous Scots whom they knew so well in daily life.

The thought, feelings, and language of North Britain in the nineteenth century, when modified by the sound antiquarian knowledge of Scott and Stevenson, do well enough in tales of Montrose, the Covenanters, and Prince Charlie. For this reason Sir Walter's foot is safest on his native heath, and Stevenson's eighteenth-century Scottish stories, together with 'St. Ives' and his unfinished masterpieces, the 'Heathercat' and 'Weir of Hermiston,' succeed for the same reasons.[1]

Modern cockney or provincial English characters and dialects can also be safely transferred back a century or so—as in the case of Mr. Jerry Cruncher and his wife in the 'Tale of Two Cities,' and Mr. Rowley in Stevenson's 'St. Ives.' But they could hardly be transferred into the Middle Ages with much *vraisemblance*. And so in 'The Black Arrow' and in the brilliantly coloured sketch called 'The Sire de Maletroit's Door,' Stevenson, though he gives a most vivid and passably accurate picture of the state of society,

[1] Similarly Tolstoi transfers back the Russians he knew to the period of Napoleon, in what is, perhaps, the greatest of all historical novels.

is fain, like Mr. Kipling, to fall back on modern or conventional motives and characters. In 'A Lodging for the Night' he has the real character of Villon 'given,' out of Villon's own poems; and so the tale succeeds, even though it is laid as far back as France of the fifteenth century.

That tale of Mr. Kipling which he has entitled 'The Finest Story in the World' succeeds because it stops short on the threshold of the unknown. When the story breaks off sharp, we wake with 'immortal longings on us,' as from an unfinished dream of strange passion and adventure, that we seemed to be on the point of enjoying, when it faded at cock-crow. This effect, artistically the highest but not capable of prolongation, has been sacrificed in 'Puck of Pook's Hill.' There, in order to enjoy the supreme pleasure of living for some appreciable hours in a fully visible past, we gladly pay the price of partial disillusionment, which no oak, ash, or thorn can magic away from grown-up eyes.

Thackeray's 'Esmond' is one of the best of English historical novels, judged as such. Clearly it owes much to Macaulay. But it is the work of historical fiction in which a feeling for the spirit and details of a period in the past is most perfectly blended with the human interest. *Il y a des longueurs* even in 'Esmond,' but these are not due to any failure with the historical setting.

Historical fiction proper looks backward by the help of imagination and antiquarian study. But there is another class of work which we may call 'contemporary' historical fiction; that is, the epic, drama or novel of contemporary manners, which acquires historical value only by the passage of time. Just because Homer, Shakespeare, and Fielding copied from the life of their own day, their work, as historical evidence, has a value entirely lacking to the historical novel proper. They give evidence, not indeed as to particular events, but as to the manners, thought, and customs which they knew so well, revealing just those psychological shades in which chronicles and legal or economic records are deficient.

At the head of the works of fiction that Time has thus transformed into historical evidence stand Homer's lays. In a period of which we know otherwise almost nothing at all—far less than we know about the England of the Conquest—Homer has rendered the daily life and thought of those far-off men and women more familiar and intimate to us than are the lives of any of our English

ancestors prior to the time of Chaucer. Homer gives us a glimpse through the blackest part of the 'curtain of old night,' into chambers hung with glittering armour and rocky coasts under a burning sun. Even 'If the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were all fiction,' says Professor Gilbert Murray in that most imaginative and entrancing of works of scholarship, 'The Rise of the Greek Epic'—

'If the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were all fiction we should still learn from them a great deal about early Greek customs, about practices of war and government, about marriage, land tenure, worship, farming, commerce, and, above all, the methods of seafaring. Let anyone read thoughtfully the story which Eumaeus the swineherd tells of his life, in "Odyssey" O. (xv), and then consider how much history of the life of the Aegean, about the seventh century B.C., he has learnt from three pages of poetical fiction.'

After Homer come Chaucer's Prologues and Tales and the Elizabethan theatre. We value Ben Jonson to-day less for his 'learnèd sock' than for such learning as he shares with Hogarth and Charles Dickens, the things he saw and heard in the pothouses and alleys of old London, and reproduced with an art that only the author of Falstaff could surpass. Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' which links up Aristophanes with Gilbert and Sullivan, is 'of so airy and light a quality' that, considered as historical evidence, many will hold it 'but a shadow's shadow.' And yet I think it helps to prove that the old 'prentice life of London once contained a spirit of lyrical joy and imagination not to be found in the city life of to-day.

The views not only of ordinary readers but of historical specialists have been deeply affected by Smollett, Fielding, and Miss Austen, as regards the manners of the squirearchy and other classes in South England in the early and late eighteenth century respectively. Fielding and Miss Austen were both shrewd observers, but the police magistrate may have exaggerated and the lady may have minimised the coarseness of the society which they approached from two different angles of experience. But when allowance has been fully made for this, the chasm that divides Squire Western from Miss Austen's gentlemen of the same county fifty years later remains a problem of importance to historians. It suggests, what indeed other evidence confirms, that a real change took place among the rural gentry during the century that boasted for its chief object the civilising of the neglected manners of mankind. Beau Nash,

who operated at Bath in the same county, was one of the chief leaders of the movement which improved away Squire Western.

The name of Bath reminds us how contemporary fiction, when it is great literature, usurps the place of history in our thoughts about the past. As the stones of Venice still embody the Italian Middle Age, so do the stones of Bath embody the English eighteenth century. The outward aspect of the town still reflects the character and breeding of those who gave it glory, the aristocracy, whose motto was *simplex munditiis*. Its comfortable and dignified streets, cast up the hillside in lavish disarray, received fashionable society, season after season, during the hundred years when fashionable society had taken over the conduct of politics and the patronage of letters and art from the fallen Court of the Kings, and had not yet handed them on to the people at large.

Under the first four Georges there is scarcely one of 'the Great' to whom Bath was not familiar. Yet it is not their memory that most haunts us when we visit that city. Perhaps, indeed, as a phantom post-chaise turns the corner of the London Road, we can see through the window the profile of the dying Pitt with the Austerlitz look upon it. Perhaps at the Pump Room we may remember two of its extinct tyrants, Beau Nash and Dr. Johnson. But most of us will think more often of certain much humbler West-country families who, judged by strictly historical standards, never existed at all. The spot in Bath that I was most anxious to identify was the room where Catherine first saw Tilney at the dance.

History can tell us comparatively little about people as humble as Catherine and Tilney. Yet Tilneys and Catherines were always more numerous than Dr. Johnsons and Pitts, and they more closely resembled you and me. If the genius of Miss Austen can reveal their hearts and minds to us, our historical knowledge is immensely enlarged. She has not only written great psychological novels for all time; she has also enabled the people of the twentieth century to look back into the minds and hearts of their analogues in the last years of George III, in a manner entirely beyond the scope of the historian.

'Balzac's novels form the best history of 1830. He, alone, among French historians, has grasped the essential features of the society that revolted from the ideas of the Restoration.'[1] Those words are not mine. They were written by Professor York Powell, who also declared that 'History is an absolute science, as much,

[1] Oliver Elton's *Life of York Powell*, i. 417.

for example, as botany.' How he reconciled these two opinions I am not called upon to explain. At any rate, if, according to Powell, Balzac is an 'historian,' and if an 'historian' (again according to Powell) equals a 'scientist,' and if, therefore, Balzac is a 'scientist,' then this much debated question, whether or not history is a science, is the merest battle about words. For my part, though I do not think history is a mere science, I should not call Balzac an historian. But he has certainly left us a great historical document on France in the 'thirties.

Among our most priceless national archives are 'Peter Simple' and 'Midshipman Easy.' Their author—think of it!—had himself been a midshipman in Cochrane's ship the year after Trafalgar! What would we not give to have an equally vivacious collection of stories about the conquest of Gaul from the *stylus* of a real subaltern of Caesar's Tenth Legion; or about the settlement of England dictated by a Norman lad who had come over the year after Hastings! Even if all the adventures were imaginary, how immensely our knowledge would be increased.

One of the many rewards for acquiring historical knowledge is the pleasure thereby added to our reading of the great works of fiction which are becoming historical by the passage of time. Their number is increasing year by year; already 'Pickwick' and the early Victorian novels are beginning to take on this character. Historical scholarship not only enables us to understand words and references scattered haphazard along the page, but adds to our enjoyment of the contemporary picture of bygone classes and types, each with its social, political or religious peculiarities, because we see it all in the setting of our knowledge of the whole period. When Squire Western says: 'Most o' zuch great estates be in the hands of lords, and I heate the very name of themmum,' the point of these words in the mouth of one of the richest landowners in Somersetshire is doubled if we are aware of the social and political relation of the Tory squirearchy of that day to the prevalently Whig Upper House. And when his sister, whose foible is affairs of State, says to him: 'Brother, I am entirely at your service. Things look so well in the North that I was never in a better humour,' it gives us a perceptible glow of pleasure to be able to fit in her chance expression 'the North' with the political jargon of the age, in which 'the North' meant the group of foreign questions centering round Sweden. And in larger matters, there is a real intellectual pleasure in comparing the aspects of society which struck or escaped

the notice of contemporary novelists with the same or different phenomena emphasised by the retrospective analysis of modern social historians, such as Cunningham or Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, who, we may remark, more and more treat old novels as a form of evidence to be collated with other sources.

Meredith's 'Vittoria' partakes of the character of both the classes of fiction which we have been discussing. It is partly an historical novel looking back to the past, like 'Waverley' or 'Westward Ho!'; partly a work of contemporary fiction that has by process of time become historical, like Chaucer or Miss Austen. The scene of 'Vittoria' is laid in 1848, and is a study of the spirit of the *quarantotto*; but Meredith's knowledge of Italian patriots and Austrian officers, though first-hand, was of later date. He acquired it chiefly in the 'sixties, and his knowledge of the Austrians in particular he owed to his acting with them as war-correspondent for the *Morning Post* in the Königgrätz campaign of 1866. 'Vittoria' contains the finest and truest picture of Mazzini that has ever been drawn; it is the best appreciation of the Italian character in its strength and its weakness; and it is, I think, the best book ever written, either in prose or poetry, about the Italian *risorgimento*, even though the last part of it 'is lost in shallows and in miseries.'

History and literature were regarded as sisters in the classical culture which ruled the European intellect for four hundred years and is now passing away. Under that régime both literature and history flourished in this island, and much else besides. What have we to put in its place? I hope we shall try and replace it by a modern culture in which history and literature will still be regarded as sisters. If not, it will fare ill with both of them. They will both be impoverished. They will, if isolated from one another, fail to appeal to the best intellects and highest imaginations which classical education attracted of old. History and literature, if separated, will be destroyed in detail by the advancing and massive strength of science. If science could drive in a wedge between them, forcing them back on separate bases, she would be sole mistress of Europe.

Fortunately, the study of Modern Literature, as now conducted in schools and colleges, is entering into close relations with History. Teachers find that they cannot explain the poets and prosemen, even of the last century, without giving them an 'historical background.' To be rightly understood, Shelley and Byron are already

in need of the prelude of the French Revolution and the environment of the Holy Alliance: their poems can no more be studied *in vacuo* than Milton and Chaucer themselves.

The flourishing Schools of English and of Mediaeval and Modern Languages at Cambridge have felt increasingly the necessity of teaching the historical background of the literatures and languages which their pupils are studying. The best part of the old classical ideal of education, that is the teaching of history and literature side by side, is in fact reviving in the modern field by force of its own merits.

In this connection I read with great interest Mr. R. B. McKerrow's paper (in the English Association Pamphlets, No. 49) on the teaching of English language and literature, where he writes that students of English

'need know little of the superficial kind of history which deals with wars and politics, but they *must* know something of the great changes in life and thought which accompanied and inspired the literature with which they are to deal.'

Literature, he says in effect, is closely connected in origin and spirit with the main religious, political, social, commercial currents of each age, and these must be known before the literature of the past can be fully understood and appreciated.

And if the study of literature thus requires an 'historical background,' most periods of civilised history have their 'literary background,' without which they lose a great part of their meaning and value as subjects of study. To take one example out of many, we should care little about the fascinating state of society in England in the eighteenth century if we were ignorant of its literary and classical atmosphere, that lent to Chatham's genius its majestic eloquence, and mingled even the tainted breeze of political corruption with a perfume so delicious.

There is another way in which history and literature are allied. At bottom, the motive that draws men and women to study history is poetic. It is the desire to feel the reality of life in the past, to be familiar with 'the chronicle of wasted time' for the sake of 'ladies dead and lovely knights'—if it were only by discovering the nature of the 'lovely knights'' fees. History starts out from this astonishing proposition—that there is no difference in degree of reality between past and present. Lady Jane Grey was once

as actual as anyone in this room. And we had best be careful before we think of her as a phantom lady with her head under her arm, for we are of her succession, and shall soon be no more and no less ghostly than she. We, too, are only queens and kings for a day. We are all food for history. No one century, not even the twentieth, is more real than any other. That is the most obtrusive and hackneyed, and yet the most mysterious of all facts. It is the common ground of all religions, all philosophies, all poetry. Though some of us may think of it this way and some that, it is at the bottom of all our thinking.

The Elizabethan poets were obsessed by it. They called it 'mortality,' and have given to it the most profound and beautiful expression in all literature:

> 'Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
> But sad mortality o'ersways their power;
> How with his rage shall beauty hold a plea,
> Whose action is no stronger than a flower?'

Hamlet in the graveyard was more concerned with the fact that we would soon all be as dead as Alexander and Yorick, than with the more consoling proposition that Alexander and Yorick had once been as much alive as we. It is that more cheerful side of the matter which history labours to make real to our slow imaginations. The past is a tale of real people, not of abstractions. To this poetic philosophy, inherent in every smallest historical fact, Carlyle has again and again given expression. Though he often, indeed, groaned over Dry-as-dust, he idealised his work and even went so far as to prefer the smallest fact about the past that Dry-as-dust could collect, as being more poetical than all Shelley and more romantic than all Scott. Take any passage at random from 'Past and Present':—

'But now, sure enough, at Waltham "on the second Sunday of Quadragesima," which Dryasdust declares to mean the 22nd day of February, year 1182, thirteen St. Edmundsbury Monks are, at last, seen processioning towards the Winchester Manor House; and, in some high Presence Chamber and Hall of State, get access to Henry II in all his glory. What a Hall,—not imaginary in the least, but entirely real and indisputable, though so extremely dim to us; sunk in the deep distances of Night! The Winchester Manor House has fled bodily, like a Dream of the old Night; not Dryasdust himself can show a wreck of it. House and people,

royal and episcopal, lords and varlets, where are they? Why, *there*, I say, seven centuries off; sunk *so* far in the Night, there they *are*; peep through the blanket of the old Night, and thou wilt see!'

And then, in the description of the sudden breaking off of the Monk Jocelin's chronicle, we have a passage that goes to the very root of the magic that lurks in every original document:—

'The magnanimous Abbot makes preparation for departure; departs, and—And Jocelin's Boswellian Narrative, suddenly shorn through by the scissors of Destiny, *ends*. There are no words more; but a black line, and leaves of blank paper. Irremediable; the miraculous hand, that held all this theatric machinery, suddenly quits hold; impenetrable Time-curtains rush down; in the mind's eye all is again dark, void; with loud dinning in the mind's ear, our real phantasmagory of St. Edmundsbury plunges into the bosom of the twelfth century again, and all is over. Monks, Abbot, Hero-worship, Government, Obedience, Cœur-de-Lion, and St. Edmund's shrine, vanish like Mirza's vision; and there is nothing left but a mutilated black ruin amid green botanic expanses, and oxen, sheep and *dilettanti* pasturing in their places.'

And again, in that most wonderful essay of his on Boswell's 'Johnson' he says:

'Consider all that lies in that one word *Past*! What a pathetic, sacred, in every sense *poetic*, meaning is implied in it; a meaning growing ever the clearer, the farther we recede in time,—the *more* of that same *Past* we have to look through! History after all is the true poetry. And Reality, if rightly interpreted, is greater than Fiction.'

Intellectually, of course, everyone would always admit that the past was real—with the exception of a few metaphysicians who might claim to reserve judgment on the point. But to admit the truth of the proposition is not to feel it as a living fact. It is the detailed study of history that makes us feel it; that is the attracting pleasure of this study, which inspires the driest of antiquarians and the most scientific of historians. The ignorant Philistine thinks that we historians are absorbed in the dusty records of the dead; he supposes we can see nothing save—

> 'The lost-to-light ghosts, grey-mailed,
> As you see the grey river mist
> Hold shapes on the yonder bank.'

But to us, as we read, they take form, colour, gesture, passion, thought. It is only by study that we can see our forerunners, remote and recent, in their habits as they lived, intent each on the business of a long-vanished day, riding out to do homage or to poll a vote; to seize a neighbour's manor house and carry off his ward, or to leave cards on ladies in crinolines.

And there in the field, generation after generation, is the ploughman behind the oxen, the horses, the machine, and his wife busy all day in the cottage, waiting for him with her daily accumulated budget of evening news.

Each one, gentle and simple, in his commonest goings and comings, was ruled by a complicated and ever-shifting fabric of custom and law, society and politics, events at home and abroad, some of them little known by him and less understood. Our effort is not only to get what few glimpses we can of his intimate personality, but to reconstruct the whole fabric of each passing age, and see how it affected him; to get to know more in some respects than he himself knew about the conditions that enveloped and controlled his life.

There is nothing that more divides civilised from semi-savage man than to be conscious of our forefathers as they really were, and bit by bit to reconstruct the mosaic of the long-forgotten past. To weigh the stars, or to make ships sail below the sea, is not a more astonishing and ennobling performance on the part of the human race in these latter days than to know the course of events that had been long forgotten, and the true nature of men and women who were here before us. Truth is the criterion of historical study; but its impelling motive is poetic. Its poetry consists in its being true. Work that out, and you will get a synthesis of the scientific and literary views of history.

G. M. Trevelyan.

PAN IN THE NEW WORLD.

A NEW VERSION.

In a picturesque article of the June Cornhill, Mr. Charles Hanbury-Williams finds fault with Rupert Brooke that he could not discover fairies in Canada nor hear Pan among her reed beds. Mr. Hanbury-Williams is an ardent and distinguished observer. He has evidently traversed the Dominion from east to west, and looked on its scenery with enthusiastic and affectionate eyes. But it is a rash man, however lively his fancy or deep his love of the open, who will dispute with a poet over the question where fairies dwell.

Undoubtedly there are places in Canada where fairies might live, knolls of moss intersecting tiny, unnamed streams, shadowed by ferns and miniature as in any water garden, smooth spaces of rock ringed by elvish pigeon berries, mushrooms and arbutus-smothered stumps. But although he may pause amazed before such minute perfections in great woods, no clear-eyed wanderer will ever dream Titania's couch were there. For fairies are a human inheritance, born of imagination and memory, as ghosts of tradition and fear. Natural beauty alone cannot bring them; where a race has had its childhood fairies bide.

Pan in the New World! On one of those far northern lakes with its shore-line of dense firs, unbroken by any shepherded glade, and the crying of a loon making lonely and inhuman the night! Would the flickering gold of the yellow birch content him without a nymph to chase beneath its boughs? 'The maple and the birch conceal no dryad.' And Pan is a god and demands altars, a satyr and requires love. Wherever Greek thought has hallowed groves he still plays on his pipes even though his worshippers be dead. But he never crossed the ocean with the New World's pioneers.

No wonder 'not even an Irishman could see a row of little men in green caps lopping along beneath the fireweed and the golden daisies' of the Rockies. The riding host of the Irish Sidhe and the 'subtler' fairies of England are a race's remembrance of the very dawn of history, dancing in the wake of vanished peoples and their faiths, and now so captive are they in the common speech and place names of the older lands that every neighbouring hill is quickened by their feet. An adult nation cannot make them nor import them into wilds that neither its forefathers nor its children

have filled. Shakespeare and Spenser did not create the fairy world; they merely saw it all about them and gave it immortality. Peasants set out bowls of milk for 'the good people' during many generations before the poets turned them into song. And so Rupert Brooke, poet and Englishman, who knew them for what they are, 'shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses,' looked out across the Canadian prairies and the endless repetition of lakes and mountains and forests, and in spite of their grandeur found them 'wind-swept and empty' of Europe's friendly watchers, and 'the air too thin to breathe.'

Thought as Shelley meant it has permeated very little into nature in Canada. Even physically there is almost always a sharp distinction between man's handiwork and impress and the background he is still subduing; conquest has not softened to union as in maturer countries. It is true, in French Canada continuous generations look back to no other past than that lived on these shores, and an intimacy has grown up between the habitant and his land, while a palpable and invisible world, if not of fairy, at least of legend and supernatural powers surrounds his early seigneuries, his old stone houses and churches. Men have died in these places and left ghosts; the peasants are Catholics and guarded by saints. The long length of the St. Lawrence is strewn with romance and history, glistening like driftwood on its banks. And on the Atlantic coast, in Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, a Gaelic-speaking people have visited the land with spirits, so that wraiths, kin to those in Scotland, haunt its foggy bays. But these are small and enclosed parts of a wide Dominion. Though Rupert Brooke may have found a certain sanctity of contented living in the rich Ontario farms, they are too centred in material security to reach out to immortal shades. Even Nature has yielded them only her body. And in the great west, where need of quick action and greed of quicker returns have made man tear the wilds and stamp on them with cities and railways and dams, their beauty retreats before him. If they come back at all, once they are driven out, it is as an avenger not as a partner. One year a man will leave his work unguarded and they will wreck it, by the savagery of winter they will break it and cover his marks.

But although Mr. Hanbury-Williams saw more with the eyes of fancy than of vision when he looked for fairies and the Greek Immortals in Canadian woods, spirits there are in the new world, and it may be that he felt the necessity of them and gave them

European names. A people once lived by these rivers, the banks of which their fathers knew as home, to whom each of the four winds spoke with the voice of a god. Hardly a rapid breaks a stream or island divides a sunset that has not its fragment of Indian lore; hardly is there an animal, bird or fish but owes its size and habits to the caprice of a chief born with superhuman powers. The seasons, the stars, the far-off noise of waters were all expressions of an ancient magic, and the Indian lived his days closely under malignant or guiding spirits.

But they do not belong to us of the white race, these spirits, nor we to them. Only through the archives of folk-lore or the difficulties of translation can we learn their names; they are not part of our mother tongue. The French, alone in this country, have threaded a few of the Indian traditions into their own, but the skeins are always distinct. English-speaking children do not hear of the Northern Lights, the Land of Memory, when told the story of the Great and Little Bear. Our poems and ballads come from oversea, and through them the cowslip and the primrose remain the fairy flowers, while the delicate Canadian pyrola, lily-scented in the dark August woods, being unknown by Oberon's court, blooms outside the sanctioned realm.

This conflict of dual influence is shown in Canadian verse, and maybe is a hindrance to it, for its writers' outer lives and senses are quickened by the scenes around them, their memories nourished by their European heritage. They may close their eyes and dream of the Four Swans, the children of Lir, and they will open them on a blue heron rising soundlessly out of a marsh. In England a poet crosses a native heath and a thousand unseen hands stretch forth to lead him; in Canada he must face the woods alone. Should he drag with him the symbols of the old Greek intermediaries, he will find them suddenly impotent, and though the Indian myths have been chronicled in rhyme and prose, to no white man's poet, as yet, have the gods of the red race given their aid or revealed their spirit. Neither understanding nor interest comes to meet him from out the 'big green woods.'

Louis Hémon noted this indifference, and while in 'Maria Chapdelaine' the seasons enter into the very marrow of his characters' lives, never for a moment does the perpetual background of the forest show a sympathy in their presence. A felt hostility stands with the trees around the little house. Maria may hear the voices of her country, but its woods care not whether she goes or stays. Only to the Indians, four hundred miles away, by the

light of their pine woods fire, are the personified powers of the wilds revealed.

Wherein then lie the charms which draw men to these places, unresistingly again and again? The writer of the article in CORNHILL may be mistaken about the fairies, but he has drunk deeply of the northern philtre when a noise among the wild fowl of the Serpentine will send him back to one of Canada's lakes, at dawn, in a canoe with the rising of ducks in the mist. Deep must be that draught when a man has felt that all the tender loveliness of Surrey may be rolling before him, and yet a sudden whiff of a newly hewn tree brings to his eyes with aching distinctness an ugly wharf and nearby saw-mill and a boom of logs in a bay beside it—the gateway to far-off cloistered island and lake and river banked by the untrailed woods.

Beauty of scenery alone cannot do this, though beauty is there in every unwatched hour; it is more, the peace of an unhumanised world. Intellect and imagination grow dormant, for they have nothing to feed on, and the winds blow free from any romance. Indian legends are too far removed to prick remembrance, and no ruins bring up the pathos of the past. Everything regains its primary value; an association of immemorial lines does not mingle with the whitethroat's song; the birch and maple are good that they are hard, the spruce that it lights quick fires. The unmoral beauty of the days wraps body and mind in utter forgetfulness so that the duties of art and civilisation sound as from another life. Northward a world of lakes and islands stretch in wildness, empty and unlaboured, the shadow of the clouds and hills upon them as they were in the beginning, before men came.

As they were in the beginning! There is the secret, the reason of the spell. Rupert Brooke did not stay long enough to be bound by it, but he saw it quite clearly, 'the unseizable virginity' of the Canadian woods. Year after year a man may return to them and though he dwell with them from Spring into Autumn, when he leaves and comes again in the Spring he will find they are new and unfamiliar as if he had never known their ways. Himself apart, he can only watch the unnamed forces under which the forest and its creatures live, his nerves excited and cleansed, but this very strangeness and the sense that winter's cruelty lurks even in summer under the grey rocks makes more precious his venture. The wilds are all about him, and he who has tasted of earth's primality will thirst till he drink again.

EILEEN B. THOMPSON.

NOBBY.

BY HUMFREY JORDAN.

NOBBY'S mother was a grey cart mare, a useful, hard-working, plebeian creature, bred and born on the borders of the Fen country and destined to move through existence without once setting eyes upon a real hill. His father, presumably something in the hackney line, had probably a trifle more of breeding, a hint, as it were, that sometime or other in his family there had been a strain of blood. Any attempt, however, to locate that strain, to associate Nobby and pedigree, would appear not only futile but patently absurd. He was born; he grew uncouthly; he laboured variously; finally, he fulfilled a destiny which could hardly have been foreseen. To pry, therefore, into his antecedents, to speculate—for it could be nothing more than wild speculation—about the ancestry which gave him his character would seem uselessly inquisitive. That he became what no prudent judge of a horse would ever have anticipated that he could become is the main consideration in his history.

As a foal he grew accustomed to flat openness and to a vast bowl of changing sky that came down in every direction to the horizon of his vision unbroken by any hills. From the paddock where his mother suckled him Nobby could see, far away and inconsiderable, the Lantern and the towers of Ely; but they failed to interest him, and it was years before he made their close acquaintance. The paddock was his world, and he lived there with seeming content through the shimmer and the fragrance of a blazing spring and summer. When the mists of autumn spread at sunset over the country of his birth, creeping mysteriously out of dykes and writhing and rolling about the land, giving the black earth between the stubble some kinship with the realm of ghosts, he still lived in the paddock, he still ignored the distant bulk of Ely rising above the Fen, he still appeared content, but he had learned a useful and a lasting lesson.

Nobby—to those who knew him only as an adult the thing may seem preposterous, but it was so—Nobby as a foal was pretty. His colour was silver grey; he was big of bone and promised

strength and size; his head was small, but it might grow; his feet were, even then, enormous, but there was room for hope that he might grow to them. Taken as a whole his colour, the activity of his habits, his complete want of shyness, his infantile joy of living, made those who knew him bank largely on the hope that he might turn out well.

'You never know,' his owner announced critically to a friend one Sunday afternoon as they strolled off the effects of overfeeding. 'He might make a good vanner in time. Old Polly there, his mother, is a wonder to keep her condition on hard work. Pretty creatures at that age, I call 'em!'

'Pretty and full of fun,' his friend agreed. 'Look at the little beggar now; he's got his eye on us; he knows we're talking about 'im. But, Gawd bless me, Sam, 'e 'as got feet on 'im. 'E'll 'ave to be a big 'orse an' no bloomin' error neither, to fit them!'

But one of the troubles was that Nobby never did go anywhere near fitting his feet; although from the foal stage onwards he liked people—human creatures—to pay attention to him.

There were no other foals in the paddock, so that throughout the week Nobby spent his time fooling about, sleeping, feeding, and annoying his placid mother. On Sundays he enjoyed himself immensely, for tired but sleek workers came to graze, and he could spend profitable hours disturbing them and escaping with nimbleness the punishment of their heels. Also, on Sundays, men and women came to look at him. He made no secret of the fact that their attentions pleased him.

Consequently as the summer waned, as the Fen baked and cracked under a blazing sun, he made much of the days when the paddock was full of mixed company, and spent the remainder in seeking diversion where he might find it. The dykes which surrounded his home had always interested him, since they shut out a huge world of interest beyond. In places he could get down the banks to the water at the bottom, but further exploration seemed beyond his courage, although he often hesitated on the brink of an attempt. Then one morning, his mother having refused him further sustenance, sleep having deserted him, he found his way into the ditch and happened upon a discovery. The water had disappeared, an alluring green and rusty black floor beckoned him to a wider world.

Nobby sniffed at it, but his nose gave him no assistance; he

placed one huge, baby forefoot upon the margin of the newly exposed floor and found it springy and enticing; then he judged the distance to the farther bank and found, as he had found when there was water there, that to jump it was beyond his powers. The adventure appeared prodigious; he hesitated at it more than once, stretching out a hoof to touch the springy bottom of the ditch, putting it back again, starting, then stopping in the pleasant sunshine. Then his sober mother, grazing in the paddock, whinnied to him, and Nobby from sheer love of independence was hurried into the attempt. He made a plunge to get half-way across; he landed neatly enough with his forefeet on a clump of half-dried sedge; but his hind legs discovered treachery and disillusion. The alluring green and black floor quaked and shook for a second beneath his weight, then the crust gave and he sank in above the hocks. He struggled wildly, ushered suddenly into a world of terror of which he had not dreamed, but the black ooze only bubbled and sucked at him. Hooking his forefeet on the clump of sedge he strained with all his might; yet the mud merely increased its grip upon him until he felt it cool about his stifle. Blind with the horror of the thing, he slipped one foreleg from the sedge and rolled on to his near side, was gripped all down the length of his small body by the clinging slime, and lay exhausted, with stiff neck and staring eyes, whimpering feebly for assistance. But even in his uttermost extreme of panic he clung desperately to the clump of sedge with one over-large forefoot.

Polly, his excellent mother, disturbed in her grazing, came across to see what was alarming her small son. At sight of Nobby gripped and sinking in the bottom of the ditch she promptly, and in a fashion almost human, lost her head; galloping back and forth along the bank she filled the neighbourhood with lamentation. A farm hand, hoeing mangolds, having investigated the cause of the mare's distress, set off for assistance at a speed foreign to his habit and his wish; and Nobby, panting and wild-eyed with terror, struggled with increasing feebleness against his fate.

Upon receipt of the news that 'the grey foal 'as bin an' fell in the blinkin' ditch, and the old mare is pretty near crazy about it,' a party went out with ropes; and at the cost of much exertion in a hot sun, a frightened, strained, mud-plastered Nobby was hauled bodily back to his paddock home.

Thereafter as he passed from foal to colt he happened on plenty of mischances; he cut himself severely with barbed wire,

he staked himself badly below the knee and escaped permanent injury and destruction by sheer good fortune; but in all the antics of his adolescence he appeared to those who watched him to have one perfectly clear intention: he did not mean, if by any grotesque agility he could avoid it, to fall and to lie helpless.

Although he never managed to catch up his feet in the matter of growth, Nobby gave promise of much strength, but before he was broken people had ceased to twist truth by calling him pretty. He became common—amazingly, undeniably, aggressively common. He was decently put together: in his forehand and his quarters there was strength without grace, his legs were sound but they were also coarse, his head was too small and quite original in its ugliness, his neck was short and thick, his tail suggested that it had been dabbed on hurriedly in the wrong place as an afterthought, his feet were shallow, splayed, enormous, modelled, it would seem, on the pattern of frying-pans. When his breeder came to sell him his description stopped at 'a wonderful useful stamp of colt, good for any amount of hard work and a fine doer.' Beyond that, it is probable, even a professional horse coper's sense of what is permissible would not have gone.

So Nobby grew up; left his paddock; bullied with noticeable masterfulness the other colts with whom he came in contact; was broken, not without difficulty, to harness, to saddle, and to chains; and was launched upon a working world, destined very obviously to a life of toil.

The night before he went to Ely cattle market the horseman who had 'got him up' for the occasion discussed his merits with his owner.

''E aren't wot I should call a bad-tempered colt, sir,' the man declared, looking his charge over, 'nor 'e aren't good-tempered neither. No trouble in the stable 'e aren't, 'cept when 'e step on you with them great feet of 'is. But that's clumsiness, and 'e don't mean nothink. Pig 'eaded, that's wot 'e is. Always goes for to think 'e knows better than anyone else. And cruel obstinate. Why, sir, if that there colt don't want to do a thing, 'e darned well aren't going to do it. Wot'll 'e fetch termorrer, sir, likely?'

'I won't,' the farmer answered, 'let him go under twenty-five. He may run to thirty. I like his colour; it's a good working grey. He's sound and strong, but he won't make a big price on looks. I must say I didn't expect him to turn out quite so ugly.'

The following day the Lantern and the towers of Ely, which all his life had formed a distant background to his world, overshadowed Nobby as he stood in the sale ring; unimpressed by this ecclesiastical predominance he trotted when he should have walked, and cantered when he should have trotted. He fetched twenty-seven pounds ten shillings, and Mr. Sam Hall, his late owner, professed himself satisfied.

As the property of another farmer, Mr. Tom Webb, Nobby started work in earnest. And although the business lacked freedom and was often irksome he found matter for diversion in it. With a harrow behind him or carting on the flat Fen fields he pulled stolidly, without enthusiasm, doing what he must and no more. In a light spring cart on the roads he enjoyed himself to a livelier tune. He liked racing any horse that was in front of him; he learned to ignore the presence of the bit in his mouth; and it gave him much pleasure to swerve suddenly at odd objects beside the road when the way became long and monotonous. But he preferred being ridden: he could then turn more easily when the fancy took him; and without shafts to hinder him he could exhibit his paces before less animated horses to much greater advantage.

A couple of months after he had become Mr. Webb's property, he was ridden round the farm one morning, cantered, pulling gaily, across a wide expanse of stubble and put at a very moderate ditch. Remembering the danger which lay hidden at the bottom of ditches, Nobby stopped dead and had a look at the obstacle; then he gathered himself together and shot well into the air, landing six feet the other side, and jumping Mr. Webb satisfactorily over his head. Nobby was very pleased with this effort, his first jump, and stood quietly while his master picked himself up. He suffered a jab in the mouth and a blow with a stick across the head without impatience; but when the man got up again and put him the reverse way at the jump, letting him have heels and whip to remove hesitation, he tired of the performance. For many strenuous minutes he fought Mr. Webb, and finally he managed to unseat him without crossing the ditch. Then he went home alone, very satisfied with the morning's work.

The following Friday Nobby made another journey to the cattle market at Ely, but he did not actually get as far as the sale ring.

In the bar of the Lamb Mr. Webb explained the matter to Mr. Hall.

'Sam,' he announced without venom, 'it's a pretty bit since I got caught over a deal, but you had me proper with that grey colt of yours.'

'Is yours Scotch?' Mr. Hall replied, and gave the order without waiting for a reply. 'There's nothing wrong with that colt for a man that understands horses.'

'Then I don't,' Webb answered, and laughed loud at the extravagance. 'Oh, no, there's nothing wrong with him. Carting, he'll pull just what he wants and no more. In a trap, he either races or he walks, and if he doesn't do either he hops in and out of the ditch. As a hack, he hasn't got any mouth or any manners, and the way he goes on his shoulders makes me sore when I think about it. He might jump if he wanted to, but he doesn't seem to want. Had me off twice the other day, the obstinate devil. No, Sam, my boy, he's a stupid, clumsy, brute of an animal. But I've not done too badly. I sold him to Bill Scales, the carrier, this morning for thirty guineas. Just the horse for his work.'

'Thirty guineas, did you!' Mr. Hall replied, nodding. 'Then, mine's a Scotch this time, Tom, old man.'

So Nobby, still beneath the dominance of the Lantern and the towers of Ely, entered on a phase of drudgery. At the outset he did his best to introduce a display of cumbrous lightheartedness into the affair, but circumstances were against him. The carrier's cart was too heavy; the carrier's whip was too active; his method of jabbing and sawing at the reins was too painful even for a mouth of iron. After one serious attempt to have his own way with the ponderous vehicle behind him, Nobby, emerging from the attempt with bleeding lips, sore head, and visible weals on his grey back and belly, gave it up and accepted the inevitable. Thereafter he pounded the flat roads with his great feet in mud and in dust, pestered with flies in summer or made restless with chill as he steamed on winter evenings outside the lighted doors of inns and cottages, a stranger to enterprise.

He grew to know his round and his habitual stopping-places, the curious mixed smell of the burden which he drew, the noise and chatter of old women and children clambering in and out of the cart. Realising the penalties attached to such exhibitions of spirits, he ceased to shy at chance objects beside the road. Upon occasions he would insist on having his own way; he would not wait for a passing train at railway crossings without being

held; and nothing would induce him to back his cart down the narrow entrance to the stable in Ely where he put up on market days; but upon the whole he took the line of least resistance and submitted to his fate.

Then one day in late winter, after he had served Mr. William Scales for more than a year, while doing a mid-week round on the Newmarket side of his beat, he saw hounds running hard on a hot scent and horses, scattered wide across country, galloping free behind. The line crossed the road, and Nobby stood and watched and listened with head erect and ears pricked, excitement causing him to tremble. An outburst of chatter in the cart behind him passed his attention unremarked; the descent of Mr. Scales, cursing profusely, did not distract him; he concentrated his attention on the music of the approaching hounds, on the glorious excitement of galloping horses. His eyes shone; his nostrils were wide; he turned his ugly, small head with quick, jerky movements. Then noisy and straining, muzzles stretched forward and sterns waving, the hounds streamed across the road. Hard upon them there came a chestnut mare, with a man in a red coat upon her; she took the fence and the ditch without thought of hesitation; she crossed the road, striding with wonderful freedom; she flew ditch and hedge the other side, unhampered, happy, free.

Nobby could not stand more of it; the wild unrestrained excitement of the thing possessed his mind. He made a plunge towards the ditch. Scales jabbed and jerked at the reins and cursed aloud. The cart got on to the green beside the road; the old women inside screamed; a follower of the hunt said highly spiced things about incompetent fools in charge of Noah's arks, because his horse shied off at the lumbering vehicle. Then while Nobby still plunged and reared and kicked, and fought for his freedom and a chance to sample the real joy of living, the hunt went by.

Mr. William Scales got the cart on to the road again, and commenced disciplinary action according to his lights. He beat Nobby about the head, he beat him about the belly, he beat him about the forelegs; and as he beat he cursed.

'I'll learn you,' he stuttered. 'I'll learn you, you clumsy sod, you. You be careful what you're up to, you obstinate, great brute. Stand still, damn and blast you, stand still. Think you're a bloomin' 'unter, do you? I'll teach you you blinkin'

well ain't, nor ever will be. They don't want sods like you out 'unting, s'elp me Gawd, they don't. Stand still, yer perishin' blighter, can't you!'

That evening, being much excited, Nobby shied twice on the way home, and he ignored the whip and the jerking at his mouth. When he got into the stable he was trembling and sweating in a fashion for which his exertions did not account. Twice he managed to step on Mr. Scales's foot with a preposterous hoof, so that in spite of a resultant knee in his stomach, he turned to his evening meal well content. In face of any excitement, given only the chance, Nobby would do himself well.

For days afterwards he listened for the distant sound of that inspiring music when he came to the spot on his round where the hunt had passed him. He would prick his ears and snort and look longingly about him, but the sight of his own kind running, high strung, to the sound of that music was not repeated.

After his fashion Mr. William Scales considered his horses. He kept two and saw to it that neither was grossly overworked. That they should be sleek and reasonably turned out flattered his conceit. He was particular that they got their feed after the day's work before he got his, except on those licensed occasions when he got drunk, turned them into a stall with the maximum of despatch and forgot about them till next morning. On the subject of horsemastership, and of himself as a horsemaster, he was verbose. 'Never let a 'orse git 'is own way with you' was his favourite opening of the subject. And the jabbing and jerking and ubiquitous blows to which he subjected his animals were designed to accomplish that desirable end. He probably meant well, but he had an irritable temper. Anyhow, he christened Nobby.

Soon after Mr. Scales had bought him, a friend asked for information on the point.

'Wot'cher call that grey colt, Bill, wot you bought off of Mr. Webb?' he demanded.

'I'm,' Bill announced after some thought, 'agoing to call 'im Nobby. You remember Nobby Jones wot went for a soldier, 'im wot always thought 'e knew best. Conceited sort o' blighter, 'e was. Well, this 'ere colt is like 'im. Conceited, that's wot 'e 'is. Always wants to do things 'is own way. Nobby! That's fair got 'im, that 'as.'

So Nobby was christened, and Mr. Scales's reputation for wit was augmented.

By the end of that summer it appeared likely that Nobby's destiny was forecast and sealed: in spite of recurrent differences of opinion with Mr. William Scales, he would convey parcels and old women to the shadow of the island cathedral and, in the evening, back from it again. But the likelihood was not borne out; the murder of an Archduke was the sign that the carrier's, sometimes protesting, grey drudge should in company with numberless other living creatures find new and strange labours.

They commandeered Nobby before the end of August; and Mr. William Scales was divided between resentment at the fact that he was not given any choice in the matter of selling the horse and pleasurable surprise at the price which he fetched. He did not express or feel regret at the parting, but, riding Nobby in to hand him over to the authorities, he left his mark on the horse's mouth after he had shied and nearly unseated his rider at the sight of guns on the road.

Nobby liked the Army from the start. In a remount camp he liked the company, the regular hours of feeding, the absence of a lumbering vehicle behind him. He forgot his carrier's days and enjoyed existence, developed a habit of ponderous pig-bucking which represented the lightness of his heart, and became in his relief at his emancipation from commercial drudgery not too careful of his enormous heels.

He was schooled. He crashed his way contentedly over or through timber and fences; but he showed considerable agility in avoiding falls; and it was obviously apparent to himself that he was a horse of ability and value.

After a week or two of soldiering he was paraded before an officer who was very beautiful in the matter of breeches and gaiters.

'Gad,' said the officer. 'What a commoner! Doubt if I ever saw an uglier beast, sergeant-major. What's he like?'

'Coarse, sir,' the sergeant-major answered without hesitation. 'I've tried 'im, sir. No manners, no mouth. Strong as an ox. Wonderful doer. Ought to stand anything. Do well for a bombardier, sir, or the infantry.'

'The Nth Rutlands are worrying about their transport,' the officer decreed. 'Send him to them. As a charger, mind, we can't afford good stuff for all these battalions.'

Therefore Nobby became an officer's charger. And on the light work and the good rations he grew as fat as butter and, in his own fancy, full of spirit.

Before the battalion went out to France he had great fun. He was posted to a company commander, and nothing dimmed his pleasure in playing the fool on route marches. Pretending terror at some inoffensive object beside the road, he would side-step with agility, turn, and send the leading sections of fours behind him flying for cover. His expression when he had accomplished this manœuvre was recognised as that of somewhat superior content.

'It's rough on the men, of course,' his gallant master would explain, 'and I expect them to petition the C.O. or something. But until they do, I'm content. You see, I'm pretty well convinced by now that, if I can manage to stick in the saddle, Nobby will look after himself and come to no harm. With my mark of horsemanship that's just what I want.'

And, by dint of using him constantly, this excellent gentleman developed something like a fondness for his notorious grey mount. In private he would occasionally pet the creature, and Nobby, unaccustomed to such treatment, would respond by scratching his head on his master's shining buttons. The two got on well together, but that was all. With his groom, however, Nobby was on different terms. This singular person, who had been bred in the Fens, who had recognised Nobby on sight as the carrier's grey, had introduced his name to the battalion. And beyond that he went extravagantly. He took an immense pride in the grey plebeian and considerable pains with him; he taught him to follow him about; he maintained, in spite of ridicule, that there was a good deal in the horse. Whether on account of associations with distant civilian life, or because he was the type of man who must see hidden merits in the animals with whom he works, the groom loved Nobby. In all likelihood he was the only human being who ever did. And with him Nobby did not develop manners—a miracle would have been required for that—but he appeared to attempt to subordinate his personality and to do what was asked of him to the best of his ability, a mediocre achievement but obviously well intentioned.

Between his master and his groom something might have been made of Nobby in France, for it was obvious from the first landing that he was the sort of beast which no hardship of campaigning could affect. He worked, ate, digested, and remained fat and well-liking in spite of exposure, mud, fatigue. The groom said he was a marvel, and the gallant captain thanked heaven that

Nobby's nerves were, seemingly, not as his when shells burst near them. But the officer was killed in the battalion's first action; and two days afterwards the strange person who really loved the grey commoner was scattered in bloody remnants as he groomed his horse. Nobby, protected by the man's body, only sustained flesh wounds; but it appeared probable that that shell in the transport lines had finally settled the reform of his manners.

After a spell in hospital, he went to a battery of eighteen-pounders, and he was ridden by a sergeant-major until the Armistice. The relationship was one of mutual toleration; each party to it considered that he knew best, and esteem did not enter into the business.

'E's an obstinate pig, sir,' said the sergeant-major, discussing his mount with an officer. 'E's more, 'e's about the most conceited 'orse I ever put a leg across. Gawd knows why, but 'e is. Still, 'e's got something of a 'eart somewhere inside 'is ugly skin. 'E don't chuck it up too easy; and some'ow or other 'e's always got one of 'is great feet to stick out when you make sure 'e's put you down. I'll stick to 'im now, sir.'

And Nobby, defying mud-fever, rheumatism, and all forms of lameness, stuck it out, with a slight partiality for harbouring lice. The excitement and activity of the retreat in 1918—for he was on the Somme, in front of Bailleul, and later with the French at Château Thierry—did, however, mark him. It broke his wind. So, when they came to part, the sergeant-major expressed some polite doubts as to the future.

'You're for England,' he announced, 'but I reckon that all the joys of 'ome won't mend your bellows, old man. A van, or something like that's about your form. You're a blinkin' ugly brute and no error, but I've got used to you. Good luck, anyway.'

But Nobby had been on parade that morning and he was busy chewing hay, so he ignored the valediction.

In the next few weeks he learned much of the crude realities of peace. The change from his battery to a remount camp did not please him. It had always been his habit to eat when and where he could find food and the opportunity, but in process of demobilisation he found plenty of opportunity but insufficient food. He arrived at Southampton dead poor. Later, in worse condition still, he was sold to a large west-country dealer. But the carriage of his ugly, small head, the prickings of his large ears,

the rolling of eyes, not beautiful, showed that his conceit, his faith in himself was undiminished.

From the large dealer he went to a smaller, from the smaller he went to a farmer who did, quite successfully, a little horse-coping. There throughout the late summer and early autumn Nobby was reintroduced to the drudgery of a working world. He began first thing in the morning, he finished long after the eight-hour labourer had left, for the farmer often used him as a hack in the evenings when he went to see his friends; and Nobby would stand for hours at the end of a long day, hitched to a gate-post or the ring outside an inn door, fidgeting his bit, with girths unloosened. His condition improved slightly, but his wind did not, and he developed an affection of the legs, which were often swollen in the mornings amazingly. It seemed next door to a certainty that, one way or another, common drudgery was Nobby's fate; and the perversity of chance had taken him, in breathless middle age, from the flat lands of his birth to the hills of Devonshire.

But one morning early the farmer came into the gloomy stall where Nobby spent his short nights of rest, and gave unusual orders.

'Giv'un a good feed o' corn, Fred,' he told his man. 'I'll try 'un to hounds this mornin'. Maybe we could make a bit wi' 'un there.'

So Nobby heard once more, but no longer as a longing spectator, that inspiring music which had so excited him one winter afternoon in his youth. And he let the excitement command and master him; he appeared to revel in his strength. He stepped on a hound, it is true, and had his enormous feet rigorously criticised by the Master and the Whip; the hills stopped him noticeably; going through gates he behaved like a battering ram and became unpopular; he reduced the top bar of a small piece of timber about three feet high to matchwood, and earned the gratitude, thereby, of a timid gentleman who followed him; but he never gave a thought to refusing, and somehow or other, by employing strength and cunning, he climbed over the banks, a form of obstacle which at first puzzled him.

In the evening he was sore and stiff, but excitement stirred his blood and he shied happily at a car on the long trek home. Next morning his hind legs were more than puffy, but to his astonishment he was, except for gentle exercise, allowed to rest.

And for a fortnight life became easy and luxurious. He was fed, almost to the limit of his desires; he was clipped out with care; his toilet became a matter of constant attention. Twice more he was hunted, and twice he displayed energy, goodwill, and clumsiness; but his wind was easier, he made less noise, and he found that he could go faster with less distress. Nobby's opinion of himself—he had seen horses refuse banks over which he climbed successfully—increased wonderfully; in pure lightness of heart one night he had a nip at the hinder parts of the gentleman who was now an assiduous groom. He got a kick in the stomach for that, but he scorned it, for he was not a sensitive horse, and the years had begun to sit lightly on him.

At the end of a fortnight a stranger came and took him away. And the farmer's parting words were significant.

'Dirt cheap at forty pounds!' he asserted. 'You takes 'im as you finds 'im, Jack, and don't you come for to tell me otherwise. 'E's a fine, strong 'orse, and 'e can jump, that I do know.'

And in that way, with no guarantee, Nobby became a hireling.

At first he preferred it, beyond comparison, to the life of a general drudge on a farm. The stabling provided by Mr. John Harris for his 'hunters and hacks' was not luxurious, but accommodation in the small country town was hard to find. Nobby lived in a box, through a doorway at the end of a cobbled slope; when the door was closed light and air reached the inmate through chinks and crevices alone; so that on Sundays, when he did not work, Nobby lived in darkness. But he had a sufficiency of food, and the sight of an open world on six days of the week. Twice a week he was a hunter, four times a week he was a hack. Sometimes necessity compelled him to be a hunter three times in the week, but that was only occasionally. He liked hunting, he hated hacking. It is impossible to imagine a worse hack, and persons of pedestrian fancy could easily picture a better ride across country. Yet in both capacities he brought in money to his owner. Some undeveloped instinct of chivalry in him induced him to behave with children, and for that reason he was much hacked by them, since their complaints that he was uncomfortable could be put down to inexperience by their parents and by Mr. John Harris. With adults he was not popular as a hack; he played the fool with traffic; he was as handy as a steam roller; and he pounded on his shoulders in a fashion acutely discomfiting. He was obstinate, heavy on the hands, had

no mouth, grew daily, one might say, more conceited, and yet with these faults, obvious and glaring, he achieved an unexpected destiny.

At his first meet from Mr. John Harris's stable he was hailed by name; and that day he fell, to his obvious disgust.

He was hired by an officer on leave, a Captain Mellis, and as he beat the road with his great feet and trotted up to the field awaiting the arrival of hounds beside the lych-gate of a village church, he was hailed with a shout.

'God Almighty!' called a voice, 'it's Nobby! Nobby turned hunter by all that's post-war and terrible! Where did you pick him up, Mellis? He used to be in my battery. Nobody could forget him. He's a proper pig. You'll have some ride on him.'

So in that hunt he became inexorably Nobby.

And on the day of his introduction to it, he created much attention. In narrow lanes and going through gates, his mannerless ardour and his incredible feet made him a public danger. Also, the country was boggy, and he had no acquaintance with bogs. His one method of negotiating banks, to scramble on to the top of them, to slide down the other side, pushing off powerfully just before he actually landed, did not seem to answer when there was a bog on the arrival side. He tried it once; slid from his bank and floundered forward; sank forelegs, nostrils, forehead in the mud and half buried his rider a few feet ahead of him. For a few seconds his head was entirely obscured, and only two large ears appeared above the surface. Then he withdrew from the mud with a noticeable sucking sound and scrambled to his feet. Ignoring the remarks of his rider, he calmly cleared his nostrils by rubbing them against his forelegs; but it was clear to the most casual observer that Nobby was both angry and hurt in his conceit on account of the fall.

'Don't curse Nobby, Mellis,' shouted Nobby's fellow soldier, shaking with laughter. 'What's a little mud matter? There's damn few horses could have done that without rolling over and giving you a nasty wet saddle. Hold him up next time, old fellow, or you'll both be drowned.'

Throughout that season he was hunted regularly, and to his very evident pleasure he was much noticed, not merely on account of his surprising ugliness, his coarseness, his grotesque want of manners, but for his jumping. He hooked, he clawed, he scrambled, he hung precariously on the top of banks and slid

strangely off them; by sheer strength exhibited at unlikely moments he kept on his feet; it was stoutly asserted by those who had hunted him that he used his teeth and his tail to help him. But after burying Captain Mellis he did not come down again.

Conversation concerning him enlivened many long waits in the rain beside covert, and before the season was half over he had become an established jest. His appearance at a meet would be hailed with shouts, and his rider would be assailed with tender enquiries as to the condition of his valuable mount. And Nobby, large and grey, and incredibly common, would fidget and make himself a nuisance, but would, very patently, rejoice in the sensation which he created. To observe his expression when men and women became humorous at his expense was to see pure self-satisfaction and content.

His life was scarcely ideal; apart from nights spent in the Cimmerian gloom of his dungeon stable, he seldom rested. Not infrequently when in the dusk of a winter evening he returned from a long day's hunt, soaked, muddy, obviously tired, the staff of Mr. John Harris would be out fetching home other hirelings; so Nobby would be unsaddled by his rider and left, forlorn and dirty, to chew hay until it should please someone to attend to him. Even though anyone happened to be about when he came home from labour, it is improbable that he ever tasted carefully prepared gruel. But he was not particular and he was not dainty. He fed in course of time with eager appetite, he was groomed before he appeared in public again, and sometimes, on days to be remembered, a considerate rider would cheer the long road home by standing him half a bucket of beer and warm water, which he loved.

So, in spite of his broken wind, his unideal housing, and the casual nature of the attendance given to him, Nobby finished his first season's hunting with his conceit booming and without a refuse or a shut up to his discredit.

'It's all very well to laugh at the old horse,' a man who had often ridden him argued, 'but I call him a jolly useful hireling. He's slow, and his wind stops him dead if you try to push him along. He's a perfectly putrid hack, and his manners in a crowd are beastly. He's as ugly as sin, and he's got too good an opinion of himself by a long way. But you've only got to sit tight—remarkably tight sometimes—and he'll get you anywhere in his own

fashion. And he won't be so far behind either if you let him go his own pace. I only hope the old fellow gets some sort of a decent billet when his hireling days are over.'

All that summer Nobby worked strenuously at the hack side of his business, going out many times a day when fortunate hunters were growing fat at grass. On Sundays, however, he did get sight of a paddock instead of remaining in his dungeon. But before the autumn he had become obviously listless; tramping the roads of Devon with incompetent riders on his back bored him, and he showed his boredom.

Then, right at the end of the summer, Mr. John Harris had a curious lapse from sanity. He resolved to jump Nobby in a small local show.

The afternoon of the event was warm for the time of year, and although he had not taken anyone out that morning, but had merely come over ten miles to the show, Nobby was indifferent. The crowd about the jumping ring gave him a little interest; and the sight of one or two acquaintances of the hunting field awaiting their turn to jump mildly excited him. He entered the ring in due course with tail carried high, and his appalling head expressing arrogance. From somewhere in the grand stand a girl's voice called clearly 'It's Nobby. O Lord, it's Nobby going to jump.' And from the seats of the well-to-do there came a shout of laughter.

Mr. John Harris, riding his grey, did not like the laughter, and he put Nobby at the hurdle as hard as he could crash. Nobby despised hurdles, he knew they were frail things. He rapped it smartly with his great forefeet and put his hind-feet through it. Then he stopped to shake the debris from his legs. And laughter sounded from the seats of the humble as well as from those of the well-to-do. Over a fence constructed of gorse Nobby skipped nimbly, because he knew that gorse was prickly and he hated being pricked. At the wall, constructed of painted boards of wood, he stopped. The show was boring him, although he liked the vociferous attention which he was creating. Turned viciously by Mr. Harris and driven at it again, he treated the obstacle with singular contumely. With forelegs and chest he battered it flat; then he knelt upon it, recovered, and finished the work of destruction with his hind-legs. Standing amidst the wreckage, he listened with pricked ears and waving tail to the applause—wholehearted, delighted applause. Heels in his ribs, and hands neither

light nor kindly manœuvring the metal in his mouth, caused him to move from the wreckage of the 'wall,' to desist from proud contemplation of the spectators' delight. But his obstinacy was stirred; in spite of the language which spurted viciously from the man on his back, he did not intend to go on with the fool business of facing large obstacles in cold blood. Ahead of him he saw a gate, a formidable whitewashed gate; that decided him. He executed a sudden, unexpected pig-buck, which somewhat disconcerted the furious Mr. Harris. Then with all his strength, ignoring the pain in his mouth and the wrenching at his head, he caught hold and charged, snorting, for the exit. The crowd scattered wildly; and Nobby left the ring at high speed, while people roared out his name in real delight.

After that performance Mr. John Harris made no secret of his willingness to sell the grey; but he failed to find a purchaser to meet him in the matter of price. Nobby's reputation was greatly enhanced, throughout the locality he had become a prominent figure, people pointed at him and called out as he passed, but the treatment which he received in his dark dungeon of a home was even less considerate than before.

Two or three more seasons as a hireling; then a year or more as a broken-winded crock in a hawker's cart on mighty short rations; then kennels, the boilers, and the nourishment of hounds: his fate seemed lamentably plain. Even those few persons who wished him well saw that, in a hard-working world, the egregious commoner who enjoyed hunting must come to that.

But fate strangely intervened.

Captain Rawton, D.S.O., C.B., R.N., came to live in the neighbourhood, and agreeably flattered a district full of horse-lovers by his arrival. He was rich; he was a widower; he had an only daughter, Joan, of whom he was devotedly fond. Beyond that he had a great reputation as a horseman: in his day, it was asserted, there had been few men to touch him across country, as a polo player, as a gentleman jockey. His daughter, according to reports, was good-looking and attractive; she hunted. Yet the Rawtons had arrived at their new place with a single horse, a reliable pensioner, a staid old friend of the family. It was rumoured that they intended to buy locally animals that knew the country. So that everyone who had a horse to sell made plans to sell him to Captain Rawton. But the opening meet approached and the opulent retired officer had managed to forgo

the chance of many surprising bargains. It was hoped that he would make a choice after he had seen some of the bargains hunted.

And the day before the meet Miss Joan Rawton tackled her father stoutly on the subject.

'What are we going to ride to-morrow, dad?' she demanded. 'Colonel Boyce has offered me a ride on his mare, Kittiwake. I believe she's a topping jumper and jolly fast. Shall I accept?'

'It's very good of Colonel Boyce,' Captain Rawton answered, 'but you've got your mount, Joan. You're going to ride Moonlighter. He can do a day still.'

'But,' persisted Miss Rawton, 'he's so slow. Can't I have this other one to-morrow?'

'No,' her father answered. 'After all, old girl, there is nothing to be ashamed of in the fact that you are a beginner. Until you've proved to me that you're competent at the game, which probably won't be this season or the next, you'll have to ride the horses I pick for you. At eighteen that isn't an awful hardship, and it will preserve a neck on which I set a value. Moonlighter must do you till I find something better.'

Miss Joan Rawton did not argue, but her tone was tinged with forbearance when she asked:

'And what are you going to ride?'

'A hireling,' her father replied. 'I don't want to show partiality to any of the people who want me to buy their horses, so I've picked a hireling for to-morrow. A grey, one of the ugliest and commonest horses I ever saw; but I couldn't get anything else. He's called Nobby—suitable name, I should think.'

'Nobby!' Miss Rawton groaned. 'I've heard of him. He's a regular joke in these parts. Moonlighter and Nobby! We ought to make some impression at the meet.'

And she mused silently on the stupid obstinacy of parents.

Consequently, the following day Nobby opened his second season with a man on his back who, in his day, had ridden the best that England had to offer. He was hard from continuous work, and relieved that hunting had brought him a decent allowance of corn; also the thought of the wonderful hounds' music which he was about to hear again stirred him to excitement. He forgot the drudgery of life, and played contentedly his old familiar tricks as he went to the meet. He pig-bucked a little; he tried to turn at a car; but he discovered that the man on him was no

fool, and so he gave it up and pounded along stolidly. He approached the lolling hounds and the pink-coated horsemen with head and tail high, much pleased with his appearance. And he accepted the comments on his arrival, the cries of 'Nobby!' 'Here's Nobby!' 'The champion jumper's out again!' as a fitting tribute to his merit.

Captain Rawton seemed very much interested in the history of Nobby's performances; but he roundly declared that he had never ridden a more uncomfortable hack.

The day was fine after heavy rains, splendid for scenting, but the going was slippery and heavy. A fox was found in the second covert drawn, and he went off across a nice line of country for the open moors. For the first ten minutes the work was all uphill. It touched up Nobby's wind badly; he roared alarmingly and plodded at a labouring canter, distributing clods of mud broadcast with his immense frying-pans of feet. Right at the top of the rise, when he was feeling his worst, there was a biggish bank. Nobby pulled himself together; scrambled on top of it; slipped; recovered himself with clumsy agility; and slid off the other side. His rider patted his neck, and murmured 'Not so bad, old man. Come on now, you've got a bit downhill.' Nobby was astonished, but he liked it; and he mended his pace. Well behind the leaders he plugged along stoutly, but after half an hour a long stretch of plough tried him severely. The noise he made in breathing was appalling. Yet down a big slope of hillside he caught sight of hounds far ahead, and excitement conquered fatigue. He tried a burst to catch them up. But a firm hand checked him, and the man on his back spoke again. 'No, you don't, old man,' he commanded. 'You keep on at it quite easily. We'll see something of the finish yet at our own pace.' So Nobby, scrambling and sliding over banks, kept going. A piece of timber that looked firm and unyielding he jumped very neatly, and another that was plainly rotten he ran through. In spite of the trouble of his wind, he was well pleased with himself. Hounds checked; and Nobby caught up the front of the field. He stood heaving and blowing till the line was owned again. Captain Rawton, dismounting to rest his horse, replied to facetious comments about his mount without expressing an opinion of the animal.

With hounds going very fast again Nobby began to drop back. His rider did not press him. Then ahead there appeared a bank

that thinned the field; it was very narrow and covered with binders and thorns; on the take-off side there was a bog.

Kittiwake tried it first at the one place where it seemed jumpable. She respected the bog; took off yards away; failed to land on top; came back; and, rolling over, pinned her rider beneath her in the mud. Nobby, arriving upon the scene, noisy and disdainful, wanted to go next, out of his turn, but was restrained. Fidgeting and pulling, he watched Marcus, a notable jumper, come down very much as Kittiwake had. His ugly grey head fairly exuded conceit and superiority as he watched this bungling. Then he went, waving his tail. He scorned the bog and plunged right into it. It was deeper than he thought. With a tremendous effort he managed to hook his huge forefeet on the bank, and there for a second he hung, collecting his strength. It was obvious to any witness that he did not intend to suffer the ignominy of coming back. He heaved and struggled, clawing with his great feet; and Captain Rawton, leaning forward on his neck, left it to him, with considerable interest and senses alert for the moment of the fall. But Nobby did not fall. By sheer strength he managed to pull himself free of the mud that embraced his hind legs, and to draw himself on to the top of the bank, where he rested on his belly, a pair of immense hoofs either side. Perceiving, however, that the landing looked firm enough, he slid off. He alighted on his head and one knee; picked himself up with agility and speed; snorted in immense good humour with himself, and cantered on.

'That's one way of doing it,' Captain Rawton commented, shooting his feet into the irons, which he had lost during the hazardous passage of the bank. 'But it appears successful. So you don't like falling, don't you? That's worth knowing. Come on, Master Nobby, there's a beaten fox ahead.'

And later, when the beaten fox had reached his earth with the breath of hounds almost warm on his brush, Captain Rawton spoke privately to Mr. John Harris. And what he said appeared chiefly to astonish that proprietor of hirelings.

And later still, when they hacked back together as November twilight lured mists from out of the valleys, he astonished his daughter.

'Nobby,' said Miss Joan Rawton, examining the grey hireling beside her with cheerful disdain, 'is quite the ugliest horse I've ever seen. The way he crawls over his jumps is simply grotesque.'

'What happened to you at that bank where Colonel Boyce's mare and one or two others came down?' her father asked.

'To me!' the girl replied airily. 'Oh, I had to go round. Moonlighter wouldn't have it. He really is past hunting, dad. But I saw Nobby's exhibition. It was just screamingly funny.'

'Pretty skilled, I thought it,' Captain Rawton answered dryly. 'It showed me that he's safe not to fall unless he can't help it. And he won't refuse. So, Joan, I've bought him for you.' And in the dismayed silence which followed, he added: 'He'll teach you a lot, will Nobby; and he'll give you confidence. So that when you've no more use for him, I'll lay long odds you'll be fond of the old beast and glad to see him comfortably pensioned, although he is an ugly, ill-mannered commoner. Eh, man, you're that, ain't you?'

And Nobby being pleased with himself, although tired, reached at his bit, and planted a great forefoot in a puddle, spurting muddy water all over his new mistress. Ignoring the incredible good fortune which had changed him from a hireling into a gentleman's hunter with a life of comfort and agreeable excitement ahead of him, he pounded heavily home, aware, at least, of his own merits.

MRS. GAMP AND THE KING'S ENGLISH.

Mr. W. L. George, in 'The Strangers' Wedding,' remarks that Mrs. Groby, who took in washing in the Somers Town region, 'spoke badly, her elder daughter rather uncertainly, her youngest quite well—too well.' Which, being interpreted, means that Mrs. Groby spoke rich Cockney, perhaps with a subconscious tinge inherited from rural ancestors, while her elder daughter, after having her language standardised at the board school, was relapsing into the freer and more natural speech of the factory and the work-room, and the youngest, speaking board-school English pure and simple, regarded her mother's modes of expression with undisguised contempt. Now I would not be thought lacking in respect for board-school English. We are all being standardised now, and the general adoption of an artificial and historically unjustified pronunciation of our language is only one step in the process which may eventually lead to the ideal reform recently 'demanded' by a Women's Labour Congress, viz., the universal adoption of Esperanto. A Board of Education Report (1920) on the teaching of English, which excited much attention, proclaimed that the business of the elementary school is 'to teach all its pupils who either speak a definite dialect, or whose speech is disfigured by vulgarisms, to speak standard English' (p. 65), for

'if the teaching of the language were properly and universally provided for, the difference between educated and uneducated speech, which at present causes so much prejudice and difficulty of intercourse on both sides, would gradually disappear' (p. 22).

Standardisation usually results in mediocrity, and, though the present movement of the spoken language is, conventionally speaking, upward, it is hardly likely that we shall ever witness the phenomenon of the Labour member rising diffidently in the House and expressing in a Balliol voice his courtly criticisms of the previous speaker's views. For the Balliol voice, like other extremes of dialect, will have been standardised away by the force of 'mass production.'

It is true that the Report has a kindly word for dialect :—

'We do not, however, suggest that the suppression of dialect should be aimed at, but that children who speak a dialect should,

as often happens, become bi-lingual, speaking standard English too. Every dialect has, for those who have been brought up to speak it, intimate associations of its own, and, side by side with standard English, dialect will probably persist and be used in the playground and the street. In many cases, indeed, it will deserve to persist, on account of its historic interest.'

If this pious aspiration is not fulfilled—as, of course, it will not be—no doubt the Board of Education will deeply sympathise, 'holding its pocket-handkerchief before its streaming eyes.'

There are probably still many people who believe that all dialect, whether of the rustic labourer or the old-fashioned Cockney, is 'corrupt English.' There are certainly very few who realise that the exact opposite is the case, and that 'standard English' is 'corrupt dialect.' Of all those historic dialects which still distinguish, to a greater or less degree, the speech of most Englishmen, none is of such interest as Cockney, that noble blend of East Mercian, Kentish, and East Anglian, which, written by Chaucer, printed by Caxton, spoken by Spenser and Milton, and surviving in the mouths of Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp, has, in a modified form and with an artificial pronunciation, given us the literary English of the present day. Unfortunately, its written records are few. Our modern pronunciation is largely the result of spelling, and spelling always tends towards the conventional and pedantic, the very process of learning to read and write involving inevitably the acceptance of much that is traditional or accidental. The scholar is always corrupting the approximately phonetic spelling of earlier times, when, in Johnson's words, 'every penman endeavoured to express as he could the sounds which he was accustomed to pronounce or receive, and vitiated in writing such words as were already vitiated in speech.' In using the word 'vitiate' Johnson is begging the question. Changes in pronunciation are gradually brought about by phonetic laws, the operation of which, unless thwarted by pedantic interference, is almost unfailing. If the old-fashioned 'weskit' for 'waistcoat,' a pronunciation given as late as 1859 in Worcester's Dictionary, is 'vicious,' it would only be fair to describe 'joy' as a 'vicious' pronunciation of the Latin *gaudium*.

Although medieval spelling is, generally speaking, more phonetic than that of the present day, much caution has to be observed in drawing from it conclusions as to pronunciation. Men like Chaucer, familiar with Latin and French, were unconsciously influenced by

the traditional spelling of words derived from those languages. The same applies to Caxton and to the later printers, who gradually evolved the system now in use, a system which makes the relation, or want of relation, between our spelling and our pronunciation the despair of the foreign student of English. It is upon this artificial system of spelling that our artificial pronunciation is based.

Roughly speaking, it may be said that, before the age of Elizabeth, no one was interested in English as a language. The vernacular was simply a means of communication, not an artistic instrument. With the great Elizabethan age came the creation of a literary medium gradually departing from everyday speech, together with a conscious attitude towards language as such. The writers of that age show no trace of dialect, except for an occasional provincialism such as Shakespeare's Warwickshire 'blood-boltered,' because the printers reduced to almost modern uniformity any unusual spellings which might have revealed the writer's own pronunciation. That the speech of men of rank showed at that period great variation is beyond dispute. The Welsh jargon of that fine swashbuckler Sir Roger Williams, the original of Shakespeare's Fluellen, is perhaps an extreme case, but we have contemporary evidence for the fact that the brilliant Raleigh spoke broad Devonshire to the end of his life; and it is not likely that the language of Drake and Hawkins differed materially from that of a present-day Brixham trawler. With the next century begins some sort of movement towards standardised pronunciation, a movement reflected in the works of the professional orthoepists, of whom the first in date is Gill (1621), and the last is Smart (1836), the most instructive for purposes of comparison with the speech of our great-grandfathers being Walker, whose Pronouncing Dictionary (1791), long a standard authority, marks approximately the date at which educated speech had been more or less standardised and assimilated to the literary language. Although the general tendency of these theorists is in the direction of that 'regular and solemn' pronunciation which Johnson preferred to the 'cursory and colloquial,' we are often surprised to find them recommending what are now considered vulgarisms. Mrs. Gamp described herself as a 'nuss'—a pronunciation prescribed by an orthoepist of 1724. Walker gives 'ojus' or 'ojeus' for 'odious,' and observes with regard to 'asparagus' that '"sparrowgrass" is so general, that "asparagus" has an air of stiffness and pedantry.' But, during

the nineteenth century, and especially since the Elementary Education Act of 1870, Johnson's dictum that 'the most elegant speakers deviate the least from the written word' has almost assumed the validity of a fulfilled prophecy. My own students usually pronounce the *t* in 'often,' and insist on making 'forehead' rime with 'hoar head,' although I periodically remind them that 'there was a little girl, who had a little curl just in the middle of her forehead; and, when she was good, she was very, very good, but, when she was bad, she was horrid!'

What we regard as vulgarisms are usually older pronunciations which have been gradually expelled by the printed word. 'Waps' is not a corruption, but the legitimate descendant of Anglo-Saxon 'wæps,' and 'ax,' Anglo-Saxon 'acsian,' was, up to the sixteenth century, in regular literary use—'Axe, and it shal be geven you' (Tyndale, Matt. vii. 7). To come to more recent times, Byron rimes 'vase' with 'face' and 'place.' This was also the pronunciation of my own father, who died at a very advanced age in 1920, and it is still usual in the United States. Forty years ago one still heard occasionally 'vawse,' which Walker describes as 'too refined for the general ear.' The current pronunciation is due to so many people having 'done' French at school; but, to be logical, we should also speak of the 'bahze' of a triangle. For 'cucumber' Walker gives the two pronunciations 'coocumber' and 'cowcumber.' In 1836 Smart tells us that 'no well-taught person, except of the old school, now says "cowcumber."' My grandfather, a country schoolmaster born in 1807, was, I believe, well-taught, but he certainly belonged to the old school in the matter of 'cowcumbers,' though Mrs. Gamp's regular use of that form shows that Dickens regarded it as old-fashioned in London by 1842.

Just as the sound of 'vase' has been altered in recent times, so the older 'idee,' from French *idée*, was reconstructed by those who had 'done' Latin or Greek. Lydgate rimed 'idee' with 'key' long before we have any literary record of 'idea.' The vulgar 'airy' is also much older than the restored 'area.' I can remember hearing old men talk of having served in 'Indy' or 'Chiny,' and we still use the former in the plural when we speak of the 'Indies.' Lady Wentworth writes, early in the eighteenth century, to her son, Earl Strafford, ambassador at Berlin: 'I wish that you may be in as great favour with this Queen of Prushee as you was with the last,' and promises that,

during his absence, she will break none of his 'chyney.' We still sing songs of 'Araby,' a form that antedates 'Arabia' by four centuries.

The mention of Lady Wentworth (a dear old soul, by the way) brings me to my thesis, which is that Mrs. Gamp, who must have learnt to talk in the generation which preceded the publication of Walker's Dictionary, spoke English very much after the fashion of a lady of quality of 1700–50. If anyone doubts this, let him compare—'The very last case as ever I acted in; which it was but a young person' (Mrs. Gamp); 'Mr. Arundell is an extreem kynde husband, as ever I see' (Lady Wentworth); 'A back gate; which I forget the street's name it goes into' (Lady Wentworth).

The two ladies agree in pronouncing *-ure* as *-er*. This was once universal, and we still have 'fritter' from French *friture*, 'tenter-(hooks)' from French *tenture*, and several other examples. In 'figure' we have restored the spelling but kept the natural sound, though it seems to be a literary convention for the humorist to indicate uneducated speech by the orthography 'figger,' which is just as absurd as 'sossidge,' 'wimmin,' 'tuppence-hapenny,' 'pleeceman,' approximately phonetic forms which would rejoice the heart of a 'simplified speller.' Are we to understand that the humorist himself habitually pronounces 'saw-sage,' 'woe-men,' 'two-pence-half-penny'? Even so acute an observer as Dickens makes merry over the fact that Mrs. Gamp pronounced 'police' as though it were the name of a fur garment. To return to the matter of *-ure*, Mrs. Gamp addresses Mrs. Prig in the very terms which Lady Wentworth habitually applies to her son the Earl, viz., 'dearest creetur'; and, if Mrs. Gamp speaks of the 'torters of the Imposition,' Lady Wentworth writes that her dying lapdog 'never offered to snap at anybody in its horrid torter.' The fact is that, just as the dress fashions of humbler folk once followed, at a considerable interval of time, those of the wealthier class, so their speech used to reproduce the fashionable pronunciation of preceding generations. Mrs. Gamp talked like an early Georgian duchess, and Sam Weller like a town 'blood' of the same period.

For Mrs. Gamp's 'fiery furnage' and 'Jonadge's belly' I am unable to supply an aristocratic eighteenth-century parallel, but the nautical 'to forge' (ahead), for earlier 'to force,' is an example of a pronunciation which may have been much more prevalent than one would conclude from mere spelling.

From what has already been said, it will be clear that literary

records are a very insufficient guide to the history of English pronunciation. Fortunately we have other sources, the most valuable of which is the great mass of private correspondence, from the 'Paston Letters' (1422–1509) onward, preserved in the stately homes of England, and given to the world from time to time by the Government Commission on Historical Manuscripts or by private editors and antiquarian societies. Of course we should like earlier and humbler records. Mérimée says somewhere that he would cheerfully give up Thucydides for the authentic memoirs of Aspasia, and there are many students of English who would barter a good deal of 'literature' for the authentic love-letters of a series of cook-maids from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century. Still, the noble dames and damsels are very helpful. Their husbands, whose spelling was 'vitiated' by the grammar school and the university, are untrustworthy witnesses, but the ladies, whose time appears to have been chiefly occupied in making preserves for the household and flannel petticoats for the poor, and whose schoolroom instruction was usually of the slightest, easily relapsed into a phonetic system representing the pronunciation which they shared with families of less 'edjication' in 'Lunnon' or the country. Unfortunately, even the ladies remembered too much of what they had been taught. Thus Lady Wentworth, who no doubt called her nephew her 'nevvy,' spells it regularly 'nephew.' She also writes 'value' or 'valewe'; but, in one moment of forgetfulness, writing as she pronounced, she describes a 'pretious jewell, sartainly (as Solloman ses) hard to be found, but highly to be vallyed when found.'

George Eliot tells us that Nancy Lammeter, who was a squire's daughter, pronounced 'horse' as 'oss,' unlike the young ladies from the neighbouring county town, 'who habitually said "orse."' I take leave to doubt the latter part of this statement, not because of the absent *h*—for what we know of the history of that sound does not amount to much more than the fact that, before the latter part of the nineteenth century, nine-tenths of the population bothered very little about its presence or absence—but because it is not likely that there was any difference between rustic speech and that of a provincial town in the same region. The loss of *r* before *s* was pretty regular in colloquial speech. The butterman now says 'Dorset,' but his grandfather, Mr. Middlewick, in 'Our Boys,' observed, with an appraising sniff, 'Dosset, inferior Dosset,' while 'mossel' for 'morsel,' still heard in dialect, was once general,

and is, in fact, the earliest form recorded in English (thirteenth century). We still allow, in playful speech, 'cussedness' and 'bust,' and a similar pronunciation is heard in the barrister's 'm'Lud' and the policeman's 'y'r Wushup.'

In no region of sound has the printed word so exercised its influence as in obliterating the old Cockney confusion between *w* and *v*, for which our great authorities are Messrs. Weller, *père et fils*, or, as they preferred to call themselves, 'Veller.' Opinions are divided as to the *terminus ad quem* of this peculiarity, of which the only survival is the nautical to 'wear (*i.e.* veer) ship.' My own evidence is that I was born in London in 1865, and that, though I never heard *v* for *w*, the opposite change, as in 'werry,' 'weal-pie,' etc., was perfectly familiar to me, in the mouths of venerable Cockneys of the humblest class, in the early 'seventies. Though usually called 'Cockney,' this phenomenon really belonged to a considerable region of the South-east of England. There are traces of it in the fifteenth century, and it occurs sporadically over a much wider area than the south-east—*e.g.*, I have found 'wellant' for 'villain' in the Nottingham Borough Records for 1573. The earliest Oxford Dictionary records are: 'Villiam, I vants my vig. . . . Vitch vig, Sir? Vy, the vite vig in the vooden vig-box, vitch I vore last Vensday at the westry'—a rigmarole put together in 1803 by Pegge the antiquary—and 'Werry like Wenus'—from Foote's 'Mayor of Garratt' (1763). Much earlier and more genuine examples occur in the 'Diary of Henry Machyn' (1550-63), printed by the Camden Society. Machyn was a Cockney tradesman, unspoiled by education, who spelt his words as he pronounced them. Accordingly, in his invaluable Diary, we find 'volsake,' 'voman,' and 'welvet,' 'wacabond'; after which the reader will not be surprised to hear that Mr. Machyn had a friend called 'Hambrose,' and that he occasionally journeyed as far as 'Amton Court.'

Now there is no reason to doubt that Machyn's spelling is a true indication of his pronunciation, or that his pronunciation conformed with that in general use in the same region and period. As early as the thirteenth century we find 'vessel' spelt 'wessel.' A sixteenth-century divine would naturally write 'vessel,' but it is even betting that, in speech, he would apostrophise the ungodly in the very terms which aroused the ire of Mr. Weller, senior—'He called me a wessel, Sammy, a wessel of wrath,' or, like Mrs. Gamp, describe this world as the 'walley of the shadder.' The last

word reminds us that even Pope rimes 'fellow' with 'prunella,' and that Sam Weller's pronunciation—'A indiwidual in company has called me a feller'—has come into use again in recent years.

It is the custom of most, unfortunately not of all, antiquarian societies to reproduce exactly the original spelling of the documents they publish. In the seventeenth-century autobiography of one Raymond (Camden Society) we read that 'there was boyling on the fyer a pipkin of pease pottage. . . . It was throwne downe, broke, and all the porridge about the chamber.' If this had been printed in Raymond's own day, the compositor would have stuck to either 'pottage' or 'porridge,' and we should have lost an absolute confirmation of the fact that 'porridge' is a corruption of 'pottage,' or rather of its colloquial form 'poddidge,' the sounds of *d* and *r* being almost indistinguishable in some dialects of the south. Mrs. Gamp uses 'imperent' for 'impudent,' and rustics still say 'the very moral of' for 'model'; while such an acute observer as Mr. Wells represents by 'blurry' the proletarian pronunciation of that national intensive which is banned among the more anæmic classes. The opposite change is seen in 'paddock,' for the obsolete 'parrock,' *i.e.* 'park,' and in the architectural 'pediment,' for 'periment,' a workman's corruption of 'pyramid.' To a similar confusion between *l* and *n* we owe 'banister,' described by Walker as a corruption of 'baluster,' and Mrs. Gamp's 'chimley,' which has the authority of John Knox.

One of my earliest subjects, some forty years ago, for phonetic experiment was a venerable London busman, an admirable specimen of a type now replaced, to the infinite loss of Cockney humour, by a race of smudgy-looking misanthropists. This sage opined that a man who was in no hurry to get to the 'cimetery' would do well to take a 'drop o' sperrits' of a cold morning rather than the 'cup o' cawfey' recommended by benighted teetotallers. 'Cimetery' has the authority of Caxton, who used this form, from French *cimetière*, long before anyone wrote 'cemetery.' 'Sperrit,' the correct representative of Old French *esperit*, is now replaced by the learned form 'spirit.' The first lexicographer (seventeenth century) to register 'coffee' spells it 'cauphè,' the vowel sound having been gradually shortened, as in Lady Wentworth's 'soger,' for Margaret Paston's 'sawger,' superseded by the modern corruption 'soldier.'

Who wrote the following?—'As lovly a boy as ever was seen, and of an undanted sperritt.—He is the very pictur of your poor

brother Will, he has such a wheedling ingagin way with him.' Well, it might have been Mrs. Gamp, but, as a matter of fact, it was Lady Wentworth. She also uses the correct 'spet,' Anglo-Saxon 'spætan,' instead of the dialect form 'spit,' as did also my friend the busman, who once, for a bet of a 'biled leg of mutton and trimmins,' smoked twelve pipes in succession 'without drinkin or spettin.' Like Mrs. Gamp she speaks of her 'lodgins,' while her daughter-in-law, Countess Strafford, notes that the Archbishop of York is miserly in the matter of his 'kitching' fire.

The attachable, or detachable, character of certain final sounds has for result that 'correct English' now includes a very accidental job lot of accepted forms. It is pure chance that 'drownd' and 'gownd,' once in use in the best circles, have not survived by the side of 'bound,' as in 'bound to go,' for Chaucerian 'boun (*i.e.* equipped) to go,' And 'sound,' for 'soun'—'A baggepipe wel koude he blowe and sowne, And therewithal he brogt us out of towne.' The colloquial 'five-pun note' shows the opposite process. Lady Wentworth writes a 'hundred thoussand poun,' and, in the old rime of Sally Water, the rimes depend upon the taste and fancy of the speller—'Down came the mother in her velvet gown(d): "You shan't have my daughter for five thousand poun(d)."' No 'scholar' would now describe himself as a 'scholard,' though he calls by the name 'pilchard' a fish which was formerly known as a 'pilcher.' A spot on linen now called 'iron-mould' was earlier, and correctly, 'iron-mole,' from the word now used only of a natural mark on the skin, while the animal called a 'mole' should be called a 'mould,' short for the older 'mould-warp,' *i.e.* mould-thrower. The 'hold' of a ship is for earlier 'hole,' while the meaningless verb to 'buttonhole' is a corruption of the original, and much more expressive, 'buttonhold.' With 'Ole Bill,' immortalised by Mr. Bairnsfather, we may compare 'Oll Jewry' in Machyn's Diary. We have quite a group of words in which an incorrect *t* has become legalised, *e.g.* 'peasant,' 'tyrant,' 'pheasant,' 'graft,' 'tuft,' the older form of the last word surviving in the vulgar 'toff.' 'Varment,' for 'vermin,' is not now heard in the best circles, though eighteenth-century versifiers rimed it with 'garment'; nor, conversely, is 'objeck' permissible for 'object,' or 'nex door' for 'next door.' But Lady Wentworth describes her new house as having 'a fyne prospeck in the parke,' and reports a polite conversation in the following terms—'The Dr. said he designed to have a sarment preeched. My lord asked what the tex should be.'

I recently caught in the street a scrap of dialogue in which one speaker expressed his intention of 'putting it acrost' the other. I need hardly say that he was one of the elderly and unstandardised —the sort of man, in fact, who says 'onct' for 'once.' This is, of course, very wrong, but not quite so bad as our 'against,' 'amidst,' 'amongst,' in which we have tacked *-st* to the original. If there is such a thing as right and wrong in language, the man who is 'again' the Government is entitled to regard as a linguistic vulgarian the man who is 'against' it, for he has on his side the combined authority of the philologist and Mrs. Gamp.

At the beginning of a word or syllable no consonant is so elusive as *w*. The rustic 'ooman' occurs in the 'Paston Letters,' and was used as late as the nineteenth century by Lady Lucy Pusey, mother of the great Churchman, whom she habitually addressed as 'Edard,' and who was probably some years the junior of 'Edard Cuttle, mariner.' There is a legend of a British toiler whose objection to German beer was that 'you don't get no forrarder with it.' Most people now sound the *w* in 'toward,' which, according to Walker, should rime with 'hoard,' but we have not yet become 'correct' enough to reintroduce the *w* sound into 'Harwich,' 'Berwick,' 'Greenwich,' 'Swanage' (once 'Swanwich'), etc. Early orthoepists give quite a list of words in which initial *w* is silent, including 'word' itself, Shakespeare's 'prave ords,' attributed to Fluellen, suggesting that this may have been especially a Welsh peculiarity. The loss or addition of this sound shows the same apparent cussedness as the treatment of the *h* in uneducated speech or the *v* and *w* system of Mr. Weller—*e.g.* in Essex 'I ont' is common for 'I won't,' but 'oats' are called 'wuts.' The addition of *w* seems, however, to have been originally a Western feature. Tyndale, a Gloucestershire man, usually has 'won' for 'one' in his Bible translation, and Barnes, the Dorset poet, writes 'woak' for 'oak.' The older, and 'correct,' pronunciation of 'one' still survives in the colloquial 'good un,' 'young un,' etc.

We do not now speak of a 'biled' leg of mutton, though Pope rimes 'join' with 'line,' but we speak of a 'boil' on the neck, where the rustic uses the uncorrupted 'bile.' Also we talk of getting 'riled,' for earlier 'roiled,' and pronounce as 'joist' the word which the Billickin, showing her lodgings to Mr. Grewgious and his ward, called by the older name of 'jiste,' from Old French *giste*. I have a distinct recollection of hearing that famous evangelist, the late Mr. Moody, asking for the windows to be opened

before his congregation was 'pisoned.' 'Turquoise,' which Walker pronounced 'turkeeze' and Milton 'turkess' (cf. *bourgeois* and 'burgess'), has definitely succumbed to its artificial spelling, and will, I suppose, eventually be furnished with convenient rimes in 'porpoise' and 'tortoise.' The London flower-girl who offers 'vi'lets' preserves Dryden's pronunciation of that word. The 'Corinth raisin' is now a 'currant,' but a conventional spelling has gradually led to the disuse of 'furriner.' Similarly we all now pronounce 'oblige,' while, within living memory, gentlemen of the old school still said 'obleege' (French *obliger*), just as, owing to a phonetic spelling, we all say 'esteem' (French *estimer*).

In 1606, Sylvester, in his once famous translation of Du Bartas, wrote: 'The world was like a large and sumptuous shop, Where God his goodly treasures did unwrap'—*i.e.* he either pronounced 'wrop,' like Mr. Yellowplush, or 'shap,' like Queen Elizabeth. The latter is more likely, for the pronunciation represented by 'Gad,' 'drat' (for 'God rot') and Lord Foppington's 'Stap my vitals!' was prevalent in Tudor times, and indeed much earlier. A curious survival of it is 'strap,' of which the old form 'strop' is now preserved only by the barber. This fashionable change of vowel has been attributed to the Devon men of Elizabeth's time. It was perhaps also partly due to the Scots who came south with James I. The parallel of the 'wee drap' naturally occurs to one. Also Roderick Random's Scotch barber friend was Strap.

Now that the whole population is brought up on the printed letter there is much more resistance to vowel change, and it is hardly likely that to 'tike the kike' will ever gain general acceptance. Lady Wentworth always writes 'sarvis,' 'sartenly,' and, as we have already seen, 'sarment,' and my private conviction is that she also said 'warmint.' That this pronunciation of *er* was once general is shown by the fact that 'clerk,' 'sergeant,' 'Berkeley,' etc., usually appear in the surname list as 'Clark,' 'Sargent,' 'Barclay,' etc. Sylvester describes the Almighty as—'A plenteous victualler whose provisions serve Millions of cities that else needs must starve'; and 'Sarve you right' is still a formula of consolation in some circles. But the influence of spelling has, in many words, brought about reversion to *er*, and in the United States 'clerk' is pronounced to rime with 'shirk.' In fact, so strong is the American antipathy to the *ar* sound that 'darned impudence' often becomes 'durned impudence.'

The place of the accent is an important criterion of educated

speech. The tendency of English is to shift it gradually to the first syllable. 'Decádent,' admitted as late as 1897 by the Oxford Dictionary, is now definitely replaced by 'décadent.' The older accentuation of 'cóntrary' survives in 'Mary, Mary, quite contráry.' My friend the busman once informed me that 'these 'ere bicýcles and tricýcles are a reglar noosance to proper vehícles.' Sylvester rimes 'theatre' with 'creator,' and, though the modern pronunciation is as old as Shakespeare, 'theáter' has always persisted by the side of it, even up to the nineteenth century, in the mouths of the educated. 'Balcóny' was once regular—'At Edmonton his loving wife From the balcóny spied Her tender husband, wond'ring much To see how he did ride.' Swift once used 'bálcony' in verse, but this pronunciation made Samuel Rogers 'sick'; and Byron still rimes 'balcóny' with 'Giorgione.' 'Antipodes' once rimed with 'codes.' Those who would be horrified at the singular 'antipode' are guilty of its twin when they speak of a 'satellite,' formed in the same way from the plural 'satellites'—'Or ask of yonder argent fields above Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove' (Pope, 'Essay on Man,' i. 42).

ERNEST WEEKLEY.

A PARIS CAUSERIE.

III.

It is said, I know not with how much truth, that the Briand Ministry fell owing to dissension and intrigue within the Cabinet; and that, at the conclusion of a farewell luncheon given to the retiring Prime Minister by his colleagues, M. Briand leaned across the table to one of them and inquired in an audible whisper: 'Can you tell me the value, at the present rate of exchange, of thirty pieces of silver?' *Se non è vero, è ben trovato:* for it is the chief characteristic of M. Briand that he takes all the ups and downs of public life with a jest upon his lips. His departure from office certainly deprives England of a good friend; whether his successor belongs to the same school remains to be proved. But they are very different people, with very different methods. There is no jesting about M. Poincaré; very little *flair*, and untiring industry. He belongs to the *festina lente* brigade, to whom flashlights and footlights mean nothing, who work day in and day out with plodding pertinacity, and whose motto is '*Expertis crede.*' One may surmise that these 'thorough' methods will harmonise well with the traditional machinery of British diplomacy and that, although perhaps things may advance more slowly than before, their progress will be more sure. But we must be on our guard against the thought, though we may cherish the hope, that all is now going perfectly well between our two countries and that relations are as unclouded as they were during the war. That is not quite the fact; for the seeds of discord, so lavishly sown during the last two years, have borne their fruit which must wither and die before things revert to the normal. Therefore there must be patience on the part of men of good-will on both sides of the Channel. We, on our side, should recognise the attitude of French statesmen and others who put France first and friendships second. That is the burthen of all M. Poincaré's articles since he retired from the Presidency, as it is also of M. Barthou's speeches, which would be none the less patriotic if they admitted in conscience that friendship with England is essential to the well-being of France. Gradually, so it seems to us in Paris, this good feeling is being restored, and the apparently

excellent results of the recent Conference at Boulogne came as a real relief to everybody. As for the 'pact' between our two nations which may perhaps follow, I notice a curious lack of enthusiasm about it so far as the general public is concerned. The feeling, of course, may change, but at present one reads a number of leading articles to the effect that Great Britain has so many difficulties in so many parts of the world, and that her Army and Navy are being reduced so greatly, that France might lose rather than gain by anything in the nature of a formal alliance. So much for foreign politics.

The change of Ministry is the most important feature in the life of France since my last 'Causerie' was written in December. Perhaps the next most striking event has been the disappearance of Landru, whose long imprisonment and tedious trial held public attention for so many months. I cannot say that the closing scenes at Versailles were particularly elevating when, day after day, the little Court was crammed with Society people of all nations in search of sensation. It must have been very difficult for the principal actors in that desultory drama to realise that a man was being tried for his life in such an atmosphere of perfumery and picnic; certainly the man himself, judging by his demeanour, was quite unconscious of the fact. Now that the law has taken its course, public interest is focused upon the forthcoming investigation of the affairs of the Industrial Bank of China and the trial connected therewith. This has all the makings of a *cause célèbre*, and many important personages, from the President of the Republic downwards, are expected to appear upon the stage before the curtain is finally rung down. A political trial is always an event in any country. This one would appear to be more concerned with politics than with pure finance, with scarifying statesmen rather than with breaking bankers, so the public is already agog with excitement to learn what the case will reveal.

Already M. Berthelot has disappeared from the Foreign Office, under the condemnation of a Court of Ambassadors, for his connection with this '*affaire*.' This is little less than a tragedy for French diplomacy, since he had been for a long time past the mentor of successive Foreign Ministers and the 'live wire' of the Quai d'Orsay. Another great loss (wholly unconnected with the Bank scandal) is the retirement of M. Jules Cambon from the Presidency of the Council of Ambassadors, at the ripe old age of seventy-seven. One does not see very clearly who will fill

the places of these great men, or of M. Paul Cambon, M. Paléologue, and M. Barrère, whose official lives must be nearing their end; but no doubt 'there are as good fish in the sea, etc.'—if they can be caught.

I pass from what the Cinema programmes call *actualités*, or the dramas of to-day, which give the main interest in life to most of us, to the very striking commemoration of the tercentenary of Molière and the French drama of the seventeenth century. The month of January was the month of Molière in Paris; his fame was in all the theatres and even in some of the churches. I hardly know which of the many celebrations that I witnessed was the most impressive. The intellect of the civilised world acclaimed him at the Sorbonne, where speakers of all nationalities laid their tribute at his feet within the precincts of the French Academy, of which, as a man of letters, he might have been a member if he had consented to abandon the profession of an actor and so conform to the prejudices of his time. Needless to say, he declined the conditions; but the famous Academy of a later generation, bearing him no ill-will, placed his bust upon their walls—it has since disappeared—with Saurin's graceful inscription: '*Rien ne manque à sa gloire; il manquait à la nôtre.*' At that meeting an Englishman might, *mutatis mutandis*, have dreamed that he was assisting at a celebration of Shakespeare. 'The works of Molière are not confined within the limits of time or space; he was one of those rare men of genius whose outlook was so wide that none of us is capable of grasping, or even of understanding, his thoughts in their entirety.' Thus spoke one orator; and another: 'There have been men who, by grace of a mysterious gift of nature, have been permitted to combine within themselves the essential characteristics of their race. Among these supermen we justly include Molière. In him and in his works we find a synopsis of all the qualities of the French.' Scarcely less remarkable was the Gala performance at the Comédie Française, to which the French Government invited all the representatives of foreign nations who had come to Paris to do honour to the memory of the great French author. The 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme' was brilliantly performed before a brilliant audience, after which we witnessed a unique procession of the whole company of the House of Molière, each of them dressed to represent a character in one or other of the comedies of their Founder. On an even greater scale of magnificence was the triumphal festival performance given at the Opera House by the actors and actresses

of Paris, culminating in one dramatic moment of silence. It was at the point in the 'Malade Imaginaire' where Molière, in the character of Argan, dropped dead upon the stage that he loved. Polin reached the last word, '*juro*,' which Molière ever uttered, when Lucien Guitry, interrupting him with a quiet gesture, invited the audience to rise in their places and pay the homage of a minute's quiet to a great name. It was profoundly impressive; one felt the value of a silence that is golden.

Of such a kind were the celebrations of a wonderful week, not only in the theatres I have named, but in many others which found it possible to produce a Molière play during the period of festival. And all this in honour of an actor who, in accordance with the custom of his day, was buried in a corner of St. Joseph's cemetery specially set apart for the bodies of criminals and still-born children. Nor was he allowed to rest there in peace; for, in 1792, his coffin and that of La Fontaine, his neighbour, were dug up, and it was proposed to make drinking-cups of the wood 'that good citizens might drink from them to the health of the Republic.' Fortunately, this gruesome project was foiled; as was also a later one, to bury both of these distinguished men in the Panthéon, and finally they were laid to rest in *Père-Lachaise*. In this connexion one likes to think that, after these celebrations of 1922, even Voltaire (who was no great respecter of persons) would probably be satisfied. For he wrote a letter in 1765 to Mademoiselle Clairon, from which I will translate a short extract:

'It is true, mademoiselle, that beautiful Miss Oldfield, England's rarest *comédienne*, is buried at Westminster beside kings and national heroes and the great Sir Isaac Newton. True, too, that the body of Mlle. Lecouvreur, the best actress of her day in France, was buried at the corner of the rue de Bourgogne. The English have an annual festival in honour of Shakespeare. We have not yet organised anything of the kind in honour of Molière.'

It is interesting to note that, in spite of our early English penal enactments against 'rogues and vagabonds' (including actors and musicians), the cynical Voltaire recognised in us such a change of heart regarding this profession, that he held us up to his fellow-countrymen as an example of cultivated gratitude to the great masters of Art.

The affairs of England are now occupying a large share of public attention in France. Every detail of Princess Mary's engagement and wedding was published in the newspapers as

fully as it was in England, and political and social writers vied with one another in impressing upon their readers the peculiar qualities of our monarchical régime, which progresses so surely with the times that the Sovereign of the British Empire had no hesitation in giving his daughter in marriage, not to the occupant or the heir of some foreign throne, but to a commoner of her own country. Then again, the political 'crisis,' which is to decide Mr. Lloyd George's tenure of the Premiership, is canvassed with as much interest in Paris as I gather it is in London. Here, as there, the Prime Minister has his supporters and his critics. Some think that a change of leadership on the eve of the Genoa Conference might lead to the abandonment of that assembly, for which there is no particular enthusiasm over here; others believe that a Conservative Ministry would provide a surer guarantee than a fissiparous Coalition for a closer understanding with France; all are somewhat fearful of the advent of a Labour Government, which, as they allege, would make short work of Great Britain's naval and military power, and would not countenance any formal undertakings for the mutual defence of both our countries. And then the political future of Lord Derby, who has a special '*niche*' in the affections of Paris, is being very closely watched. Here he is considered to be '*capable de tout*,' and those who were disappointed that he declined the India Office take consolation in the thought that he is destined for higher things. In all this public discussion, which is going on quite as much in the salons and clubs and cafés as in the Press, I see a very healthy sign of the times. If, before the war, we in England were too insular in our outlook as a nation, the French were also much too parochial in theirs. It is only logical that, if we really mean to 'get together' for good, we must get to know one another day by day, as it were, and take a lively interest in each other's affairs. Therefore we cannot but welcome the long, and generally accurate, press telegrams which are hourly passing across the Channel to keep two friendly nations in touch each with the other's point of view. This new habit has, on the whole, been attended with excellent results; for one thing, it has taught our neighbours that, as a nation, we are not nearly so sensitive and touchy as they used to believe us to be. The songs that they sing in obscure cabarets about the short-comings of our statesmen or the foibles of our race either pass over our heads or leave us perfectly cold; so much so, that it seems almost a pity that some well-meaning Frenchmen should have endeavoured to have these harmless pasquinades prohibited as endangering the

Entente. For in truth they do not hurt us; we know full well that if an English Minister is the butt of Montmartre to-day, it will be a French statesman's turn to-morrow, and that, in any case, nobody here goes to a music hall for instruction, but only for entertainment of the most ephemeral kind.

And what sane person would grudge their joyous tilts at our well-meant efforts to provide a 'brighter London'? On this topic they have been very amusing sometimes, and quite legitimately so. Our climates, and especially our fogs, come in for the share of criticism which is undoubtedly their due from those who have not been brought up in them. No splendid week of radiant sky-signs and searchlights and shop-window dressings can alter these natural phenomena, which are accountable for many of our national characteristics. They admire the brave efforts of Mr. Ralph Nevill and his merry men to emulate the late hours and alcoholic licences of the *Ville Lumière*, but they are sceptical as to whether the achievement of these will make Londoners any 'brighter' in the daytime. Personally, I expect the French are right when they say that the real difference between the gloominess of London (if it be gloomy, which I deny) and the joyousness of Paris has nothing to do with electric light or County Council restrictions. They say that the atmosphere of gaiety which surrounds them and most of the other Latin races is due to the free rein which they give to individuality, whilst we try to shape all our fellow-countrymen in the same mould. Diversity of temperament should be our aim; for life will always be dull if everybody does the same thing at the same time, and adopts the same habits and thinks much the same thoughts as his neighbour. That is really at the bottom of the whole trouble. All this mechanical adherence to convention must be abandoned forthwith (so say our Latin advisers), and striking results will immediately follow. No longer shall we appear to the world like an interminable flock of sheep wandering along the drab road of life. We shall frisk about, at our own sweet will and pleasure, hurting nobody else (let it be hoped) but enjoying ourselves immensely—and joy is a deliriously contagious virtue. Until we can be sure of this gloriously variegated individuality of conduct, which is born of an independent spirit, neither the employment of a whole army of Royal Academicians to decorate London from Olympia to the Tower, nor the importation of all the myrmidons of Montmartre to instruct us in the delights of the cabaret will do very much to 'brighten' us.

How these new qualities are to be attained, how long it will

take us to achieve them, whether their acquirement will the more endear us to foreign nations—these are three other questions that may or may not have to be answered. It is only fair to add that some candid friends in Paris do warn us that the absence of disciplinary restrictions, and the exhibition of individualism, can be carried to excess. They go so far as to congratulate us on never having had a paper like the *Grand Guignol*, whose short but flagrant career was brought to a summary conclusion by the police the other day, and they even envy us that our people do not have to petition the authorities to suppress plays and advertisements that are subversive of public morals. Probably these observations also will have to be taken into account, in case London shall become too 'bright.'

Personally, I take no side in the controversy, which is of such grave moment to some people, as to whether England can be made merrier by repealing Acts of Parliament or by the activities of an energetic society of delightful people. But I cannot help thinking that many long years will pass, and many millions will be spent on 'propaganda,' before London, or Manchester, or Glasgow will be induced to revel, and enjoy revelling (which is a different thing), as French people do on Mardi Gras or at Mi-Carême. Last Shrove Tuesday was one long riot of fun, of can-cans and confetti, of harmless ragging and buffoonery, from dinner-time until long after the dawn of Lent. The streets were full of noise, the cabs were full of costumes, the 'dancings' held high festival well into the small hours of the morning. And this kind of merriment was echoing up and down and across France, from Calais to Mentone, from Bordeaux to Strasbourg. How long will it be, I wonder, before the undergraduates, male and female, of any of our British Universities, the students of our Art Schools, the shop-girls and the clerks of Birmingham and Liverpool, will disport themselves in the main thoroughfares and streets of their respective cities with the same joyous *abandon* as do the lively Latins across the Channel? Judging by the solemnity of our local pageants and the self-consciousness of our fancy balls, these particular forms of public gaiety are as foreign to us as cricket is to France.

But it would be a huge mistake to suppose, if anybody does suppose, that French people are never in earnest just because they do not take their pleasure seriously. Heaven knows that they have enough on hand just now to make them 'think furiously' every day of the year. Work as hard as they may, and they are working exceedingly hard, still they see the franc depreciated to

half its value, and the cost of living almost trebled above pre-war prices. Rightly or wrongly, they are intensely anxious about the military activities of Germany, of which they receive fresh evidence nearly every morning. A fallen currency, an exposed frontier, a depleted manhood, and a decreasing population : these are to-day the four great pre-occupations of France, and perhaps the last is the most serious of the four. It is an axiom of statecraft that the foreign policy of a country must be framed according to the material resources of the nation which has to make that policy effective and to defend it. Chief among these resources is an adequate population to provide an army, and to feed those native industries that supply a country with its wealth. The predicament in which France finds herself to-day is the more acute, since she perceives the populations of most European countries, and especially of Germany and of Italy, growing rapidly in comparison with her own. Some striking official figures have just been published in this connexion which are worth more than passing consideration in England as well as in France. From these it appears that in France, during the first six months of 1921, there were 95,000 fewer marriages, and 3500 fewer children born than in the corresponding period of 1920. During the same six months the number of births exceeded deaths by 72,851, which might be thought a satisfactory figure, but for the fact that in Germany the population increased by 179,356 in the first *three* months of the same year. And it is further pointed out that the birthrate from January to June 1921 is particularly disappointing, since, owing to demobilisation, there had been no less than 500,000 marriages in 1919, and 626,000 marriages in 1920, whereas in 1913 there had been only 300,000 marriages, but with more prolific results. One needs no training in the science of Sociology to realise the gravity of these figures, as disclosed by the *Journal Officiel*, in relation to the military and industrial problems which beset our nearest neighbour on the Continent. With all the experience of East and West during the recent years of the twentieth century, we have learned the value of big reserves, whether for labour or for war ; and we cannot read of the decrease of this brave and friendly population without sympathy and deep regret, nor can we do otherwise than resolve, if the main reason be the impoverishment of the country, to do what we can, over and above what we have already done, to lighten the financial burden which lies so heavily upon the shoulders of a gallant race.

IAN MALCOLM.

A GATHERING OF THE CLAN.

We had just finished dinner. A few late arrivals were scrambling through their dessert, still pursuing a vain effort to catch up to the appropriate course in a meal where they had never had a fair start. Around them the waitresses were clattering over the bare wooden floors, carrying away piles of plates and removing fruit dishes which contained such surviving apples and nuts as had not found favour, but would surely appear again; while others distributed cups and saucers around the long tables in preparation for to-morrow's breakfast, and placed at stated intervals little glass dishes of the chemical compound known in Swiss hotels as honey. Most of the company had trooped on to the terrace to look at what the English visitors called the 'glue,' which was their version of the manager's enthusiastic German description of the sunset effect on the snow mountains at the other side of the lake. I had lit a cigarette as I strolled through the hall, and was rather carelessly studying the hotel notice board. It informed me that a lady who lived in an adjoining chalet was prepared to give lessons in French, English 'and other objects.' I also learnt that an hotel in the next valley was in a position to appeal with all confidence to English visitors, for could it not supply 'lawn tennis, divine service, baths'? I noted the order of preference with desultory interest. My thoughts turned to the confusion of tongues. How hard is it for us to understand one another, how easy to lose the key to the little understanding that we have!

One of the late diners came into the hall. He was alone. A new arrival, and as such a fit subject for my idle curiosity. An Englishman, evidently, but with a veneer of something else. A man of nearly fifty, clean shaven, alert, genial, but with that slightly suspicious look of one who has been taken in before now through his good nature, and does not mean to be taken in again. A gentleman, yes, no doubt about that: but not a fool in the sense of the German officer's 'You always will be fools, and we never shall be gentlemen.' That we got into conversation quite easily and naturally was one sign at least that he was a little different from the usual English pattern. He was alone? Yes, at any rate for the present. I suggested that we might take our coffee together,

and in five minutes we were telling one another of our hopes, our feelings and our lives with that open abandonment which men will sometimes show to complete strangers, if they happen to be sympathetic, but will jealously deny, of course to their relations—who ever told the real truth to his relations?—but also to their friends. You will remember such talks, and how, when you looked back on them immediately afterwards, they were revelations even to yourself, revelations not only of your own surprising frankness, but of corners of your character and sentiments which you had only half suspected. It is as though the chance touchstone of this passing comradeship can disclose alloys in your composition which more intimate bonds have failed to make plain. Such talks no doubt draw much of their unreserved and revealing quality from the knowledge that comradeship gives a right to forget at least as much as to remember. 'The charming thing about the conversations at our suppers,' was said at the Garrick Club, 'is that you need never know your neighbour afterwards.' But in the really happy instances there is more than a mere loosening of restraint, and you know that fortune has brought you a more real, if a momentary affinity.

Of my own self-expression in this particular meeting this is not the place to speak. My companion's was unstinted. The first thing that I noticed was that he spoke with an American accent. I soon learnt why. He was one of three brothers—the youngest, although there was only four years' difference between the three of them. He had been brought up in his father's Yorkshire vicarage—the living being in the gift of his cousin, the head of the family. The eldest brother had gone into the Army, and all the financial resources of the household had been used up in sending him there, and keeping him for the early years. Of course he had taken the Indian Army (he could not hope to meet the expense of a British regiment) and he was now quite comfortable. Under the Indian system he had automatically received his promotion as the years went by, and having never got further west than Egypt and Palestine during the war, he was now taking his pension and coming to live in England—'Or, rather, it will probably be Dinard, with the exchange as it is now,' said my companion. 'Poor old Henry. It will be a bit of a come-down after commanding his regiment.' Of the two younger brothers, one had to take Orders, so that in due fullness of time he might come into another of the family livings. 'I'm thankful to say I gave that a miss,' drawled

the American accent, ' and I've never been able to figure out how Jack could stand it. He was always the wildest of the three of us.' Jack had apparently stood it, however, and was now the father of a numerous family, I was told. ' As for me, I had to blaze my own trail, as they say in America.' The contrast between the accent and the word ' they ' was piquant, and I soon found it was characteristic of the man. Although he had lived for over twenty years in America, he continued to get his clothes from the London tailor to whom he had gone when he was a young man, and in many other ways he sturdily clung to his English up-bringing. He no doubt imagined himself to be as English in thought and temper and speech as when he first sailed from Liverpool. ' And yet in all those years I've never once been home,' he said. ' Too busy. I had to make good. And I reckon I may say I have made good.' The process had not been less devious than is usual. Ranching to start with ; then an obscure period of mining ; after that, more solid prosperity in timber ; and now an established position in the hardwood business in New York City. ' And now I have come home to look around,' he went on. ' I had to land in France on account of business. But you can bet I didn't mean to lose any time getting to dear old England ; and if I've come to Switzerland first, there's a reason for it. You see, Henry landed at Marseilles last week on his way back from India, and of course he's brought his wife. No, I'm not married. As for Jack, why, I fancy Heaven must be something like Switzerland for the average parson, so he didn't need much tempting. His boy has gone on a walking tour, and his girls are staying with friends. He and his wife should arrive to-morrow morning. Henry will get here in the afternoon. That's what's brought me to this place. It was too good to miss that chance of arranging a little holiday together. To-morrow night we shall be sitting round the same table, Jack and Henry and myself, for the first time in twenty years. A sight for sad eyes—what ? Why, I've thought of little else for the past two months—that and my business.

' Of course it's a bit nervous, too. We've all changed—couldn't help it. We write to each other now and then, and we send each other photographs. And I see Henry's getting a bit bony in the jaw and a bit thin on the top. Jack has not been photographed for years, but I know he's got a beard by this time, and I guess it's grey some. But that's not it. What I ask myself is this. Shall we be disappointed in each other ? What shall I think of

them ? What will they think of me ? Shall we find we have not turned into the stuff we thought ? And now the meeting gets near, I begin to wish it was still a month ahead, and I could dream about it. There's moments when I half think I'll make tracks and cut the whole business.

'And then there's the wives. Henry's only been married five years. Widow of a brother officer. Pretty little thing, from her picture. But is she good enough for him ? Is she the right sort ? Jack's been over eighteen years a father ; and Mabel, well, I know she's right enough. I remember her quite well in the old days, and the whole family too. Very good people. But I wonder if she's grown stout and tedious. Well, well. I reckon I must get off to bed. I don't mind admitting I shall be glad when the first meeting's over. You're on my floor too ? Why, that's fine !'

The next day I saw my friend only at a distance. When I came in to lunch, the hotel register contained the names of the Rev. John and Mrs. L'Estrange, Ilkington Vicarage, Yorks, England, and as I walked into the dining-room, I noticed that the one round table in the window was occupied by the three of them—one being, of course, my companion of the evening before, whose Christian name, as his card informed me, was Charles (we had exchanged cards before going to bed). Brother John had the same good-natured expression as Charles, but without the added caution. The beard was there, but it was hardly touched with grey, and the hair, which was abundant and rather long, had that appearance of rebellion to the brush that one sees in schoolboys. Indeed, radiantly healthy schoolboy was the note of the whole man's aspect, touched with just a few lines of care to show that he had lived. He had on a black Norfolk jacket. The accompanying knickerbockers, uncompromising grey stockings, and very heavy boots were hidden by the table cloth, and I knew them only afterwards, when the picture was completed by the conventionally clerical black straw hat. But the grey flannel wristbands peeping out at the sleeves and the gold watch chain emerging from the left breast pocket and fastened at the second button were there.

My eyes turned to his wife. Comfortable, kindly, and capable were written all over her. She was as decently stout as a mother of three children who herself has turned forty has a right to be. She had given up the vanities of fashion, if they had ever meant much to her, but not that pleasant middle-aged coquetry of beautifully ironed and laundered linen at neck and wrist. One could

imagine that such of her time as was not occupied in competently managing her house and her family—to say nothing of the parish—was agreeably devoted to the placid digestion of the more widely popular but less famous of the wares of Messrs. Mudie.

The two brothers were obviously happy, and the lady happy in sympathy. But it was equally obvious that the new arrivals were tired (I afterwards learnt they had travelled through the night in a second-class carriage), and they soon disappeared to recover their overdue allowance of sleep. Charles joined me in the hall. 'The thing's going splendidly,' he said. 'I don't know why on earth I was afraid. Jack's just the same, in spite of the beard; and Mabel's a dear good soul. She always was.'

As I came in from my walk in the afternoon, I happened to see the arrival of the third brother and his lady. They drove up from Zurich, where they had spent the previous night at the Baur-au-Lac. 'They told me that was the right thing to do,' as he said afterwards, 'if we wanted to get here in comfort.' The greeting of Charles had all the right cordiality, and Mrs. L'Estrange, on being presented, was suitably gracious. The two brothers stood for a moment on the hotel steps, looking at each other with the self-consciousness of the Englishman who becomes inarticulate when he knows that some evidence of feeling is expected of him. The pause was broken by the Colonel turning to take charge of the arrangements for the distribution of his luggage. This he did by tapping each separate article with his stick, while his wife, completely at her ease, discussed the weather and the Swiss scenery with Charles. The Colonel's luggage was of excellent quality—not new, but of good brown leather, well polished, and its brass-work gleaming in the sun. It was characteristic of the man. It was distinguished. It was correct. Jack would have carried an old 'Gladstone'; Charles would have travelled with a practical but hideous cane trunk. The Colonel—I never thought of him as Henry—had the right kind of kit-bag and the right kind of portmanteau, while the Colonel's lady had the right kind of fitted dressing-case. All could have been exposed to the scrutiny of the valet and the lady's maid of any country house without shame. But, above all, it was the polish of the leather which made the luggage typical. I was never privileged to see the Colonel in uniform or riding boots, but his brown shoes suggested what a sight that must have been. They were never entrusted to the hotel staff, and they must have occupied much of the Colonel's

personal attention. Like the kit-bags, they were not new. But they looked as if they would shine until their last hour.

The Colonel himself was like his bags, his shoes, and his clothes—very correct, very well preserved, very well polished, and not too tightly packed. The good nature which had flowered unrestrained in Jack, and had been tempered by caution in Charles, was in him modified only by the professional habit of believing that he must be right, because he gave orders which no one had ever contradicted.

The lady was as true to type as the Colonel. She was much younger than he, but she would have confessed to thirty, and for many years would probably pass for no more. She had fair hair, a few freckles, and that slightly dissatisfied, well-bred expression which suggested that she thought that she was about to be insulted by a waiter. She was clearly conscious that it was due to her position to carry herself well. On the other hand, she had evidently concluded, with equal certainty, that her power with the male members of the society in which she moved largely depended on an engaging helplessness. She knew how to use her eyes, and was already trying them on Charles, and her ankles, one of which she was just now placing at a venture.

I passed on into the hotel, and saw no more of the party until I came in rather late to dinner. They were already seated at the round table, and any previous misgivings must have entirely disappeared from Charles's mind, for they were talking hard, and evidently enjoying themselves thoroughly. I caught snatches of the conversation. It was almost exclusively reminiscent. 'The day that Jack took the new pony bareback round the rectory field, and he was left hanging on to the branch of the oak.' 'And that time when we made the hens drunk on the governor's whisky. You were there, Mabel. Surely you remember it. And then the governor called Jack into the study—poor old guv.' The Colonel's wife, whose name turned out to be Florence, was inevitably rather exclusively a listener at this stage, but she smiled very sweetly whenever she caught anyone's eye, and her expression of 'Naturally I am out of this, but do please go on' carried patient resignation with hardly a touch of annoyance.

Afterwards the party formed another group in the hall, with the two ladies, whom convention had separated at dinner, sitting next to each other. Mabel took out her knitting, and only glanced up ever so slightly when Florence lit a cigarette. They carried

on quite an animated conversation on their own account about clothes and the shortcomings of modern women servants—whose inefficiency was apparently less distressing than their want of heart—and, in fact, the subjects on which women usually do find pleasure in talking. Mabel offered to show Florence a new design for stocking tops, where you knit 2 purl 1 and repeat, and Florence accepted with perhaps just a shade too much enthusiasm. Meanwhile Charles lit a cigar, the vicar had produced a very darkly-coloured briar pipe, and the Colonel smoked not at all, but took a liqueur with his coffee. The reminiscences continued unabated.

This state of things held for two days. The men were absorbed in one another; the women loyally played up. To boyhood memories had succeeded the communication of more recent details of personal habits. 'You see, one gets used to early rising in India. I have my *chota-hazri* at five-thirty, and then my syce brings round the mare and I ride till seven.' 'Oh, you have to come to the States to get a cigar worth smoking. I have a man send me so many every week—green, of course.' During this time I saw nothing of Charles beyond a passing and always cordial greeting in the hall or on the stairs. He was fully occupied. After the third day, however, I had a talk with him. The others were out, and he had been writing letters. He was full of enthusiasm and praise for both his brothers. He felt that the family had done well. Henry was the model of a soldier and a gentleman. Jack was not merely a clergyman, he was a fine fellow. Florence, well, you could see she came from the right stock; and dear old Mabel was as sweet a woman as she had been a girl. There was nothing to regret—nothing.

I had not yet spoken to any of the others, and two more days passed before he introduced me. Perhaps he felt that the interest was flagging a little, and he wanted support. In any case, I was evidently a welcome arrival to all the members of the party—a circumstance which I attribute no more to my personal attractions than I do the evident disposition of the Colonel's wife to interest herself in me and me in her. Excursions were organised, to which I found myself frequently attached. I was several times invited to join the group at coffee, and eventually did so after every meal. In fact I became one of them, and I think they would even have liked to ask me to sit with them at table if such an addition to the family party had not seemed to them—although I am sure they never mentioned the idea—to be a confession of weakness. I was

however, consulted on all sorts of subjects, at first collectively and afterwards individually. I even became the repository of confidences.

Florence was the first to unburden herself to me. 'Of course, I am not one of the family,' she said, 'and I may be prejudiced. I can do with one L'Estrange—Harry has always been most good to me. But I confess I find three of them a bit of a trial. The parson is a good soul, of course—though he does wear such very curious stockings. In fact I like him, and it's really not my fault if he tries to tack himself on to me whenever we go walking, and I shall say so to Mabel very soon. But Charles—that terrible Yankee accent! And he is always trying to be funny. I suppose that is his idea of keeping things going. Really I am glad he didn't come to India to see us. Of course, I shouldn't breathe a word to Harry, but don't you think he's just a little—what shall I say? Quaint? It may sound snobby, but one has to think of these things in India. As senior lady on the station I was naturally expected to set a certain standard. And there was Harry's position to remember, too.'

I had no confidences from Mabel—only an occasional question. Had I ever been to India? Of course, life was much more free out there, wasn't it? And women had less to do, less responsibility. Did I think Jack was looking well? She had always wondered whether these lower altitudes really did him good. Did I know the Riffel Alp?

Later in the week the three brothers went for a long day's walking, and I joined them. The affair had been planned by the Colonel, and he quite naturally took command. We were to cut across into the next valley and drop down to the lake to get home. Everything went well until we came to a point where two paths forked. 'The right, I suppose,' said Jack; 'it leads down the valley.' The Colonel took out the map. 'No, it's this one'—pointing to the left. 'But that will take us right back,' said Charles, looking over his shoulder. 'Now look here, Charles,' broke out the Colonel, 'I take it you're not going to begin to teach me how to set a map at my age.' 'I fancy you are wrong all the same,' said Jack. 'Right or wrong, this is the one we're going to take,' said the Colonel, and he strode ahead. There was a moment's hesitation, and the rest of us followed in silence. The fact that the Colonel was not right after all, and that we spent an aimless day following paths that led to remote chalets and no further, no doubt

had its effect on the general temper, although both Jack and Charles afterwards declared that it bore no relation to the quite unbiased view which each had come to hold with regard to the dictatorial character of Henry. Nor did the incident really diminish the cordiality of the three brothers' intercourse. They cared for each other and admired each other too much for that. But it was the first glimmering of the desolate fact that they had ceased to understand one another. The professional bent which Henry's mind had taken, being the most dogmatic of the three, naturally provoked the first reaction. It was not merely that he had grown used to giving orders in deed, and laying down the law in word, and being unquestioned in either. This in itself was a sufficiently hardening process to the mind, though it had the merit that it had taught him to obey as well, if always with the reservation of open protest or silent contempt, which is the safety valve of the supposed complete docility of the military character. What his mind had entirely lost, however, was the capacity either to learn wisdom or to modify opinions as the result of discussion. For twenty years he had never discussed anything. He had accepted some dogmatic statements and made others, and that was all. In addition to this, he had assimilated one of the very narrowest and most strict of social codes. 'Of course, Charles has knocked about a lot,' he said to me. 'He's up to all kinds of things in which I am a mere baby. But I can't help thinking it's a pity he went into trade. You can't touch pitch, you know, and mixing with all these box-wallahs—well, they don't look at things in the same light as we do.'

Charles, on his side, never suspected for a moment that he could arouse doubts of this kind. He had always been scrupulously and even defiantly the English Gentleman in America, and he felt as sure of himself as ever. Yet he dimly saw that something was changed in the others, and although he was certain that he was still the same, he slowly realised that his efforts to liven up the party were becoming more necessary and also more forced, and, further, that they had not the hilariously sympathetic reception to which he was accustomed in the States, and also remembered in the old days at home. 'I can't wake 'em up,' he said. 'Just a bit slow in the up-take, don't you think?'

As for Jack, perhaps he saw the truth first of all. His life at least had led him not merely to control men, nor, on the other hand, to be on his guard for the ways in which they might get the better of him, but to study their natures for what they really were, and

above all for what they felt. He was kindly and tolerant, without any of the affectation or insincerity of the 'hearty' kind of clergyman. He understood that his two brothers had become what their life's work had made them. What he did not perhaps understand so well was that he too had been moulded by his calling. He was a parson. He could not help wincing when Henry swore. He glanced uneasily across at his wife when Charles told one of those racy stories that always went so well in New York (the other anecdotes which Henry and Charles exchanged in the absence of the ladies were always quite frankly reserved for the time when he had gone to bed, which he did early). On the other hand, he could not remain entirely unprejudiced by the fact that Henry and his wife punctually attended the Church Service in the hotel drawing-room on Sunday morning, where Henry boomed out the Lessons in a voice of authority and Florence led the singing sweetly, although out of tune, whereas Charles spent the time with a cigar and the newspaper in the garden. Henry's obvious and openly expressed annoyance if the sermon lasted more than eight minutes did nothing to alter this prejudice. He even accepted as part of the English scheme of things the affectionate banter of being called a devil-dodger and a sky pilot. Yet Henry grated too at times, and in a way which had nothing to do with his tone of command. The humorous and tolerant contempt with which the Regular Army regards its chaplains —the real business of life being killing, with which the padre must square his conscience and ours as best he can—could not help breaking out now and then, and it wounded. Moreover, Henry's attitude made Jack suspect the weakness of his own situation in another way. As a country vicar, he had never been made to feel the full force of the curious anomaly of the English clergyman's position—a sort of spy of the rich, while trying to be a friend of the poor. For in the aristocratic organisation of a country village his place was appropriate, and he filled it in a way which was generally accepted and trusted. He was consequently shocked by the perfectly frank military conception of the Church as an instrument for keeping the rank and file moderately contented, and at the same time finding out what was in their minds.

On every side the breach was slowly widening.

If Jack was the first to understand, Henry was the first to express —without understanding—the feeling of annoyance and disappointment which the breach inspired. He began to bully Jack. Twice he was very near to a declared quarrel with Charles. But, fortunately,

it was first of all to the ladies of the party that the strain became so intolerable as to prompt them to action, and an open separation of the brothers was avoided. Florence made the initial move. She had a letter from some friends in Lucerne, who were going to Egypt. The husband was to take up an appointment there, and the only chance of meeting was to join them at once. Mabel followed suit. She was sure Charles would understand when she said that the air did not really suit Jack. He wanted bracing. He had had a hard year. The work of the parish was increasing, and he had tried to find a curate, but it was impossible. They ought to get ten days on a higher level before they went back home. She thought somewhere in the neighbourhood of Zermatt. Perhaps Charles would join them.

Charles did not. No doubt he was wise. He found that he had business matters which could wait no longer. He would spend a few days in Paris, and then straight to England.

They all left on the same day. Of course, Florence must bring Henry down to stay in Yorkshire, and Charles must come too. They must write and say, as soon as they knew when they would be free. Naturally Mabel quite understood that they could not fix any date now. They must think it over and let her know. Henry was not yet sure what his address in London would be. 'Drop me a line to the In and Out Club,' he said to Charles; 'you know, Naval and Military, 94 Piccadilly. You must come and dine there one night, and we'll have a yarn. We'll arrange a date.'

Charles left the last of all. He said good-bye to me a little sadly, but a little defiantly too. Of the result of the family holiday he said not a word.

When he had gone, I strolled back into the hall, and glanced at the announcement of the lady who was prepared to give lessons in all languages.

PHILIP CARR.

JOEY JOANNE.

A TRUE HISTORY.

BY M. D.

'Miss Kitty!' 'Oh, where's Miss Kitty?' 'Please come quick!' echoed from one to another of our home children.

I ran out, to find a small group gathered round a blackberry bush, just under one of our windows.

Violet, with wide, pitiful eyes, and eager hands, was trying in vain to release a tiny bird from the cruel thorns. There it hung, head downwards, a bunch of grey fluff, its tiny wing pierced right through by a large thorn.

Very gently I disentangled it, wondering if there were any life left, and as I laid it in my hand the little atom closed up its wings and cuddled into the warmth.

'Is it dead?' asked Violet, looking at the little red patch on my hand. 'Oh, the thorns have pricked it, poor little thing!'

I just gave the rescuers a peep at the pretty, fluffy creature, with its eyes shut, but certainly alive, and then took it away, to render first-aid service.

It was evidently shivering with fever, and the first thing needed was warmth. We wrapped it in flannel, on a hot bottle, and watched it settle comfortably into the heat, before covering it up. And that little bundle of flannel, constantly kept warm, was a source of much interest and anxiety for many hours to come.

We trickled milk round its beak with a paint-brush at intervals, and noticed a slight movement sometimes, but it certainly took very little even of milk for the next eighteen hours.

Next day I was showing it, in its flannel nest, to my two fellow workers, when it suddenly electrified us by shooting out quite a long neck, and opening a beak that looked almost big enough to swallow itself.

We hastened to supply its wants, thrusting a brushful of milk into the open beak, and as this was evidently grateful and comforting, the brush was returned to its beak as often as it would swallow.

The next step towards convalescence was to open one eye—

such a queer little eye !—and really keep it open for some time at a stretch ; not just give a blink as it had done before. Would it be blind with the other eye, we wondered ? It was on the wounded side.

We bathed the wounds and the eye, and the atom opened the other eye to see where the comfortable sensation was coming from; inspected the stream of hot water from the tap, and then settled with a cuddle of satisfaction against the warm sponge.

When next we went to feed our baby, *two* eyes opened as well as a beak, and remained so as long as it was hungry. The instant its hunger was satisfied, it slept.

What kind of a bird was it ? Our doubts were solved by the discovery of a fallen swallow's or rather house-martin's nest, and one dead nestling, behind the fatal bush that had impaled yet saved the other nestling from death.

' You will never bring it up, if it's a swallow ! ' said our wiseacres.

But the baby swallow had won our hearts by its helplessness and its confiding trust, and, failing to find its mother, we meant to *try*.

Then our search for the right food began. I could write a long chapter on the different diets we tried, and the ways in which they were procured—ground spiders pounced on as they shot about the gravel paths, mosquitoes and small flies.

Now Joey's mouth was capacious at that age, but it had its drawbacks. Once a grasshopper, administered in too large doses, and swallowed down obediently by Joey, quite took the spirit out of him. The legs of spiders disagreed with him. Minced spider or grasshopper may be nice to eat, but even Joey's most devoted human attendants rebelled against preparing them.

So his diet was at last confined to small flies and spiders, and minced meat. The meat was a happy thought, and saved us much time and trouble, and on this and occasional beef tea, our pet flourished, and soon grew very lively, chirping loudly at the sight of the paint-brush, on which food was administered.

Joey was getting too active to stay in his flannel nest, so we covered him up with the crown of a mole-coloured felt hat, cutting a hole at the base for the entrance. It looked like a mud hut, and Joey loved his hut as much as any swallow could love his nest. When he was sleepy he went inside, out of sight; but usually he was standing in the entrance, little white-feathered legs wide

apart, and his head just reaching to the top of his doorway, keenly alive to everything that was going on, and chirping gaily.

He spent a good while sleeping, which was fortunate, as his foster mothers had plenty of work to get through, and Joey was left for hours by himself, with a hot bottle under his nest to keep him warm. When his human friends appeared again, his jubilation was as great as his appetite. Out he tumbled on to our fingers, chirping loudly and imperatively for food.

As his feathers began to come, he looked the queerest little creature, with long straggling pieces of fluff sticking out from the feathers in all directions. But we all thought him lovely, and the wonder is that he was not over-fed by his many friends. He only had to open his mouth for some one to fly for his paint-brush.

Joey had two great ideas at this stage of his life—food and warmth. When his hunger was satisfied, he would run back like a mouse to his nest, and lie with his head in the doorway, enjoying the warmth and noticing everything. Or if he were offered a hand, he was still more content to lie in its warmth, with some protecting fingers overhead.

Though he lived in a hat, he had a swallow's nature, and till he was quite fully fledged, he preferred to be quite hidden away, under cover, as he would have been in his clay nest, unless hunger drove him out.

So fast his feathers grew ! It took us all by surprise one day to find that he had a beautiful white breast. It seemed to surprise Joey too. He came to stand in the door of his nest one morning, and found himself so broad that his soft white feathers bunched out each side of the doorway. He glanced down to see what the obstruction was, and gave the feathers a caress with his beak, with quite evident appreciation of their beauty.

In our large building there are many people, and Joey often paid short visits about the house. His hat going round was a familiar sight, and wherever he went he made himself at home, trusting all human beings who were introduced by his friends.

It was now that we began to suspect that we had misnamed Joey, for he, or rather *she*, began to show all the instincts of a little hen. We gave her a feather, and she cleverly stuck it, quill down, into her nest, and sat on it. She accepted everyone's affection, and was clinging and confiding, but never loudly demonstrative as cock birds are.

But Joey was ' Joey ' to everyone now—we could not alter that, so we tacked on Joanne, and still called her ' Joey.'

At night Joey's hat lived on a shelf in an open cupboard in my bedroom—out of the way of any possible rat—and there was a certain soft little twitter which she kept especially for the night: a note of enquiry to be sure she was not alone, and then an answering baby song of satisfaction.

In the mornings Joey had to wait till nearly eight o'clock to be taken from her shelf. Swallows are evidently not early risers, and only once, on a very sunny day, did she get up before she was called. On that day I found her standing on the edge of my basin, evidently contemplating a bath, but fortunately not quite sure if it was safe.

Breakfast every morning with her three special friends was a time of great delight to Joey. Her hat was placed high in the middle of the table, from whence she surveyed everything, and was in turn admired and noticed. At first she only stood in her doorway, her white breast and black head and little feathered legs showing to advantage against the mole-coloured felt hat behind. As she grew older she grew more bold, and would venture on to a little platform beyond her doorway, and at last stand on the side of the shallow box in which the hat fitted. From thence she demanded food, catching sight at once of her own special tiny saucer, and pointing towards it with her beak, ready to perch on any finger that offered itself; then preening her feathers and, if it was cold, running back to her nest. One cold day we offered her the warm tea cosy, and she at once ran into it, with the ' coorru ' of delight which she always made on entering her warm nest or any specially cosy corner; and after that it was a settled thing that she should end her breakfast in the cosy, as it lay sideways on the teapot, and from there she would sometimes sing us a soft little song of gratitude and happiness.

Her wings were now a little longer than her tail, curved, and gracefully folded across each other; her beak looked smaller than it used, with a fine and delicate point, and her beautiful big brown eyes were always on the alert, and full of intelligence. Whenever she asked for food, up went her wings level with her back, and she looked the picture of daintiness as she stood, seemingly, on tiptoe, quivering her wings, in the usual coaxing way of baby birds—her white under-wings and soft white breast giving the impression of a baby, white gaitered and pinafored.

Our first flying lesson was given by a revolving finger, on which she was perched. Up went her wings as she fluttered to balance herself. Her first feeling was, I think, fear; but this was soon followed by delight at discovering that she had a pair of big wings to flap. She would run fluttering up our arms now to get to our shoulders, and flutter about the table too; but it was some little time before she trusted entirely to her wings. It was the sunshine that first drew her from my hand to the window on her two wings. This was shut, but, having once got safely on her wings, she went round and round the room, while eager hands stretched out to her for landing-places. Down she came, fluttering, panting, and excited, a little frightened at her own boldness, and then, with a little shake, showing her delight at being safely back by cuddling close up against our hand, caressing our fingers with her beak. After that first venture she would suddenly make darts round the room, at all times from her nest, or from our hands, and she soon learnt the difference between an open or shut window, and would fly out and back.

It was not likely Joey would stay long with us now that she could fly. Every day she had watched the birds, and especially the swallows, as they passed. So one day I took her a round of visits to say good-bye to her friends, before we took her to practise flying out of doors.

It was a glorious September evening—clear sky and warm air—and the swallows were flying high. We took her to a great uprooted tree, so that she should have something to perch on. Miss Jessie, a special friend, lifted up Joey on her hand. For a moment she watched the swallows overhead. Did she recognise them as her own kind, we wondered?

Suddenly, with a spring, she circled round us, and we watched, hoping she would land safely on the tree-trunk or on our hands. But Joey had no thought for anything beneath her; up and up, round and round she went, never hesitating till she had joined the other swallows far above our heads. Our eyes followed the tiny form as long as we could, but it was soon lost among the many happy darting creatures overhead. We waited awhile, in case she should return, but no swallow left that circling crowd, and we went back to the house, feeling that all our care for the little fledgling had been repaid by the sight of that joyous flight.

Would her fellow-swallows be kind to her? was our next thought. We had often been told that pet birds had been pecked

to death. And if they were not friendly, would our little nestling find her way back to the house? At any rate, there should be an open window waiting for her.

Sunset came, and every swallow disappeared, but though we went out and called her, no Joey returned, and for the first time that night her nest was empty, and no happy twitters from my cupboard broke the quiet.

Next morning came, and breakfast, but still no Joey.

After breakfast the children passed up to prayers in their chapel overhead, and we heard them singing.

Then came a rather unusual rush of feet down the stairs, and our door burst open with a chorus of 'Joey's come back!' 'Here's Joey!' and they ushered in Sister with a little head peeping out between her two hands. Hearing the music and the children's voices in chapel, Joey had flown on to one of the chapel windows, and remained perched there till a hand was offered her.

It was a very cold and huddled up little bird that we welcomed back, but there was soon a warm nest ready for her, and though she showed us that she preferred a warm hand, she ran at last obediently into her nest, and gave a chuckle of delight on finding it warm and cosy. How we wished she could tell us of her night's adventure—where she had been, and whether she had made a swallow friend! At any rate, there were no signs of her having been pecked.

Well, if Joey meant to spend the winter with *us* instead of going off with the swallows, we were willing to keep her warm with hot-water-bottles whenever she flew in, work or no work!

Joey's absolute confidence in us all was irresistible. We none of us caught or held her against her will. She was always politely offered a finger or thumb to perch on, and if she cuddled up, showing she wanted to be hidden, a hand gently closed over her, and she would go to sleep inside. At other times she would run up our loose sleeves, or cuddle into our coat collars, and make herself comfortable, not at all upset if her resting-place walked about.

She was quite an imperious little lady, expecting always to get her own way. She had many different tones and notes which told us plainly what she meant. One note was a very decided 'No,' sometimes with—and sometimes without—a 'Thank you.' If she was enjoying herself with one friend and another one offered a finger, out came the decided 'No,' which always produced a smile

from its hearers—it was such a different tone from her usual sweet-tempered little twitters, or hungry demands. Only once did I hear a real downright swear, and that was when a hand came down suddenly on her to save the butter!

Evidently sociability is a very strong swallow instinct. Unless she was really cold, and enjoying a hot warmer under her nest, she would never be left alone. We tried to leave her in her nest as we had done when she was younger; but no! now she had found her wings, she used them, and the last person in the room could not get outside the door before she had flown on to her shoulder. If we tried to remove her there was a coaxing twitter it was hard to resist.

Every day she watched, from her hut on a window sill, and noticed the swallows directly they appeared, but she chose her own time for joining them, and on some cold dreary days Joey preferred to stay indoors all day. She took the same keen interest in everything that went on indoors, too. When the spirit moved her, out she darted to join the swallows. We never saw her perch anywhere during her flight, but when they disappeared, Joey would return to her adopted home.

Her greatest delight was to have her three special human friends round our sitting-room table, whilst she herself occupied a post of vantage in the middle; and very entertaining were her movements there! When the sun called her, out she flew; and on her return we would sometimes hear her calling loudly in the empty sitting-room, and find her perched near her food, not helping herself, but calling to be fed! Only once was Joey seized with a really greedy fit. She took a sudden fancy to a dish of custard on the table, flew precipitately on it, and put her beak greedily right into it, following the dish as it was dragged away, and apparently trying to take a bath in the contents.

Joey's night out with the swallows had made her decide in favour of her own nest. She would fly by day with her fellows, paying us visits in between, but at night, with her usual 'coor-r-r-ru,' she would run into her hat, and bury herself in the flannel inside. But one warm bright Sunday again tempted Joey to spend the night out, and again she returned next morning to the chapel while the children were singing.

We noticed as the days went by that all the martins had flown except ten, five of whom seemed to live in our buildings. Joey also is a martin, and her own parents may have been among the birds

who had lately left. These remaining birds were all young ones of Joey's size. Would they find their way to a warmer clime? we wondered; and would Joey venture with them? Evidently they had taken her into their circle of friends, for they would fly down to call her from her special window, and several times when she returned home, they flew right down to the window with her.

One day we were waiting there for her, with food. Her last accomplishment was to take her food on the wing, from the end of the paint-brush, and to-day I held the morsel out of the window. She swooped down, making a dart at it as she passed, and calling loudly to the other swallows. One swallow followed her close, and the others a little further off. Joey alighted on the paint-brush, making a great noise as we fed her, and turning towards the swallow, evidently wishing her friend to share her meal. We thought the other swallow would really come in, for it flew close to us, right under Joey's paint-brush perch. But swallow training was too strong, and away they all flew, leaving Joey to her human friends.

There was only one window in the house by which Joey would enter after her long flights, and that was the room where she had all her meals with her three human friends. If she were taken in her nest to a strange room, after a short time, and especially if neglected, out of the window went Joey!—and we knew that when she returned to the house, it would be to her own favourite room. If no one happened to be there when she returned, her calls were loud and imperative, and she would fling herself enthusiastically upon the first person who entered, before the door could be closed on her.

One day that room was being cleaned, and Joey was not wanted there, so I took her upstairs to the warm room where I was at work. Joey was provided with feathers to play with, and perches to stand on, and was humoured in everything she wished to do by her small playfellows. But she did not approve of that room. Her sharp little eyes took in the outlook from the window, and presently there was a flash—and Joey was gone. She made no noise of fluttering, like the plebeian sparrows who fly about the house for crumbs; it was just a graceful curve of the wings, with hardly a sound. Over the roof Joey must have flown, and in another minute there was a cry, 'Joey's in the sitting-room!'

I went down and found a little fluttering, chirping creature flying from one busy worker to another, evidently expecting them to settle down and entertain her. I took her again and made her

cosy in another room, quietly closed the door, and went downstairs again. There was Joey, before me !—in at the same window, and chirping vociferously for undivided attention again ! We tried once more, but Joey went straight out of the upper window, and those below called up laughingly, ' Joey is here again ; she may as well stay.'

It was strange that though Joey found her way from any part of the building to that sitting-room, and knew her way about so well, yet she would never come in by any other window. It seemed to be an innate caution about doing anything she was not used to doing, and had not been especially taught to do. After she had learnt, to begin with, to come in by the *lower* half of the window, we had quite hard work to teach her to come in by the upper and safer part of the window.

She did not mind where she went with a friend, but she would not make ventures alone. She went straight up to the sky when she flew out, and stayed in the sky till she returned to her special window.

One other perfect September Sunday Joey again spent the whole day with her feathered friends. Perhaps she had returned when we were all in church in the morning, and finding an empty house, and no one to welcome her, had rejoined the swallows ; she must have been introduced to their roosting-place that first night that she stayed out.

Next morning, before the swallows were up, we found a small form pressed close against our window frame, and in a minute her cold little feet and beak were cuddling cosily into Miss Jessie's warm hands, while Joey was crooning her thanks, and enjoying all the fuss and attention that was given her.

The usual date for martins to cross the Channel we found to be October 15. The weather was unusually warm this September, yet most of the birds had gone from us by October 1, starting on their long journey. We hoped that our little nestling might be strong enough to go with these few younger birds of the second broods. It is said by naturalists that these late nestlings are sometimes left behind and perish in the winter. But we were not afraid for Joey. If she elected to stay behind we would take care of her.

October 2 was a beautiful Sunday, but getting colder. Joey divided her time between us and those remaining swallows, and, to our relief, she spent the chilly night indoors.

On Monday morning she was restless and would not leave us. She sat on my hand while I wrote, and went about the house on Miss Jessie's shoulder, and was very talkative at dinner. It was a dull, cloudy day, and she looked for the other swallows, but did not venture out. After dinner she seemed to be tired of waiting, and flew out, disappearing behind the house in the direction from which the swallows always came. And then followed a storm of such heavy rain that our hearts sank! Had Joey taken shelter? She never did perch, so far as we knew, till she roosted. Had she reached the swallows? Might she possibly be drenched and not able to fly? We pictured a little helpless form expecting to be picked up and dried as usual—an easy prey too for owls, jack-daws, or cats! Out we started before dark, scouring the wet fields and gardens, calling 'Joey!' occasionally under the big trees. But no Joey answered, and we found no little drowned bird on the ground, nor did we hear of one from the gardeners. We had to pass that night with many imaginings of what might have happened to her. Still, our comfort was that Joey, so far, had always been protected.

We went out about 9.0 next morning to watch for the swallows.

It was a glorious day after all the rain of the day before. As I watched, two swallows came curving over the house towards the sitting-room window.

'There's Joey!' I cried, holding out my hand; but before they reached the window they curved right round, and back over the house, and out of sight. We went round, but saw nothing more of the pair, nor since that day have we seen any swallow.

Had Joey known that they were to start on that day? Had she joined them, and insisted on one last look at her human friends before starting on the long flight? We think so, and we hope that her mate took her safely back to the small flock starting that day for the South.

When the frosts came we pictured Joey in the sunny South. Would she surprise some woman or child by settling on her shoulder and demanding food? If so, we hoped a cage would not be found for our little lover of freedom.

Often we wondered if Joey would return in April to build her nest with us.

In March I saw in a daily paper a photograph of a swallow perched on a pipe. I made inquiries, and found that on February 18

the passengers of a homeward-bound liner had been surprised by the arrival on board of a solitary swallow. It was far from land—halfway between Madeira and England, and it was many weeks too early for the usual homing of the swallows. The bird had evidently come from a warm climate; it was tired, and hungry. The passengers fed it with flies, and were astonished at its tameness. Was it Joey? Did she fly to the pipe, as she used to fly to her paint-brush? None of the passengers realised what a warm corner she would need at night, in the cold February weather at sea.

So Joey, as we think it was, died next day—among human friends, indeed, though she never reached her own home, which she had set out across the sea so early to find.

IN A DEANERY GARDEN.

Hanc quercum glande arboris filiâ
Nobilis editam quae Gulielmo primo
Adhuc regnante apud Catisfield
In comitatu Sussex florebat
Vicesimo secundo die Octobris
A.S.N. MDCCCLXVII
Hornotinam sevit
Thomas Garnier, D.C.L., Soc: Lin.
Decanus Winton
Anno aetat. suae XCI^mo
Umbrâ fruantur posteri.

Inscription on a Stone at the Foot of an Oak.

The moon shines clear this stilly night
On the stone the old man laid,
On the sweet sward of God's delight,
Where birds sing all day unafraid:
We walk in light, my friend and I,
Ut fruantur posteri.

As he planted, so he wrote
Words all read where all pass by,
Boys to learn and con by rote,
Ut fruantur posteri,
Men with tears or gentle laughter
In the days that come hereafter.

Dean whose years were ninety-one,
Soon to lay his office down,
Soon too to leave, in setting sun,
Wessex land and Swithun's town:
Planted he, with smile or sigh,
Ut fruantur posteri.

Ancient tree on Sussex down
When the English bore the yoke,
Monks and churls in Swithun's town:
Acorn from that royal oak
Ut fruantur posteri,
Deans of Winton, he and I.

Acorn from an ancient tree
Flourishing in far-off days,
When with Christmas revelry,
When with psalm and minstrel's lays
William Conqueror wore the crown,
England's king in Alfred's town.

Sown by him, enjoyed by me,
Ut fruantur posteri,
Acorn from that ancient tree,
Now it lifts its branches high,
Shelters me with gracious shade
In this garden God hath made.

Swithun's church in Alfred's town,
Still the children sing their psalm,
Still men worship, clerk and clown:
Keep them, Lord, from sin and harm!
Heir of all this grace am I,
Ut fruantur posteri.

Kings and conquests pass away,
Books have crumbled, swords are rust;
Heeding nought of all men say,
Deans and priors lie in dust.
Christ, we pray Thee, Lord on high,
Ut fruantur posteri.

W. H. H.

OVINGTON'S BANK.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XV.

THE Squire was late.

A hundred years ago night fell more seriously. It closed in on a countryside less peopled, on houses and hamlets more distant, and divided by greater risks of flood and field. The dark hours were longer and haunted by graver apprehensions. Every journey had to be made on horses or behind them, roads were rough and miry, fords were plenty, bridges scarce. Sturdy rogues abounded, and to double every peril it was still the habit of most men to drink deep. Few returned sober from market, fewer from fair or merry-making.

For many, therefore, the coming of night meant the coming of fear. Children, watching the great moths fluttering against the low ceiling, or round the rush-light that cast such gloomy shadows, thought that their elders would never come upstairs to bed. Lone women, quaking in remote dwellings, remembered the gibbet where the treacherous inn-keeper still mouldered, and fancied every creak the coming of a man in a crape mask. Thousands suffered nightly because the goodman lingered abroad, or the son was absent, and in many a window the light was set at dusk to guide the master by the pool. On market evenings women stole trembling down the lane that the sound of wheels might the sooner dispel their fears.

At Garth it was youth not age that first caught the alarm. For Josina's conscience troubled her, and before even Miss Peacock, most fidgety of old maids, had seen cause to fear, the girl was standing in the darkness before the door, listening and uneasy. The Squire was seldom late; it could not be that Clement had met him and there had been a—but no, Clement was not the man to raise his hand against his elder—the thought was dismissed as soon as formed. Yet why did not the Squire come? Lights began to shine through the casements, she saw the candles brought into the dining-room, the darkness thickened about her, trees and shrubs lost their shapes, only the trunks of the nearer beeches gave back

a gleam. And the girl felt that if anything had happened to him she could never forgive herself. Shivering, less with cold than with apprehension, she peered down the drive. He had been later than this before, but then her conscience had been quiet, she had not deceived him, she had had nothing with which to reproach herself on his account.

Presently, 'Josina, what are you doing there,' Miss Peacock cried. She had come to the open door and discovered the girl. She began to scold. 'Come in this minute, child! What are you starving the house for, standing there?'

But Josina did not budge. 'He is very late,' she said.

'Late? What nonsense! And what if he is late? What good can you do, standing out there? I declare one might suppose your father was one of those skimble-skambles that can't pass a tavern door, to hear you talk! And Thomas with him! Come in at once when I tell you! As if I should not be the first to cry out if anything went wrong. Late, indeed! Why—goodness gracious, I declare it's nearly eight. What can have become of him, child? And Calamy and those good-for-nothing girls warming their knees at the fire, and no more caring if their master is in the river than—Josina, do you hear? Do you know that your father is still out? Calamy!' ringing a hand-bell that stood on the table in the hall, 'Calamy! Are you all asleep? Don't you know that your master is not in, and it is nearly eight?'

Calamy was the butler. A tall, lanthorn-jawed man, he would have looked lugubrious in the King's scarlet; in his professional black, or in his shirt sleeves, cleaning plate, he was melancholy itself. And his modes and manners were at least as mournful as his aspect—no man so sure as 'Old Calamity' to see the dark side of things or to put it before others. It was whispered that he had been a Dissenter, and why the Squire, who hated a ranter as he hated the devil, had ever engaged him, much less kept him, was a puzzle to Garthmyle. That he had been his son's servant and had been with the boy when he died, might have seemed a sufficient reason, had the Squire been other than he was. But no one supposed that such a thing weighed with the old man—he was of too hard a grain. Yet at Garth, Calamy had lived for a score of years, and been suffered with a patience which might have stood to the credit of more reasonable men.

'Nearly eight!' Miss Peacock flung at him, and repeated her statement.

'We've put the dinner back, ma'am.'

'Put the dinner back, man! And that's all you think of, when at any minute your master—oh, dear, dear, what can have happened to him?'

'Well, it's a dark night, ma'am, to be sure, and——'

'Gracious goodness, can't I see that? If Thomas weren't with him——'

The butler shook his head. 'Under notice, ma'am,' he said. 'I think the worst of Thomas. On a dark night, with Thomas——'

Miss Peacock gasped.

'I should say my prayers, ma'am,' the butler concluded softly.

Miss Peacock stared, aghast yet angry. 'Under notice?' she cried. 'Well, of all the—'deed, and I wish you were all under notice, if that is the best you've got to say.'

'Hadn't you better,' said Josina from the darkness outside, 'send Fewtrell to meet him with a lanthorn?'

'And get my nose bitten off when your father comes home! La, bless me, I don't know what to do! And no one else to do a thing!'

'Send him, Calamy,' said Josina.

Calamy retired. Miss Peacock looked out, a shawl about her head. 'Jos! Where are you?' she cried. 'Come in at once, girl. Do you think I am going to be left alone, and the door open? Jos! Jos!'

But Josina was gone, groping her way down the drive. When Fewtrell followed with his lanthorn he came on her sitting on the bridge, and he got a rare start, thinking it was a ghost. 'Lord A'mighty!' he cried as the light fell on her pale face. 'Aren't you afraid to sit there by yourself, miss?'

But Josina was not afraid, and after a word or two he shambled away, the lanthorn swinging in his hand. The girl watched the light go bobbing along as far as the highway fifty yards on, saw it travel to the left along the road, lost it for some moments, then marked it again, a faint blur of light, moving towards the village.

Presently it vanished and she was left alone with her fears. She strained her ears to catch the first sound of wheels. The stream murmured beneath her, a sick sheep coughed, the breeze whispered in the hedges, the cry of an owl, thrice repeated, sank into silence. But that was all, and in the presence of the silent world about her, of the all-enveloping night, of the solemn

stars shining as they had shone from eternity, the girl knew herself infinitely helpless, without remedy against the stroke of impending fate. She recognised that lighted rooms and glowing fires and the indoor life did but deceive; that they did but blind the mind to the immensity of things, to the real issues, to life and death and eternity. Anguished, she owned that a good conscience was the only refuge, and that she had it not. She had deceived her father, and it would be her fate to endure a lasting remorse. At last, her eyes opened, she fancied that she detected behind the mask a father's face. But too late, for the bridge which he had crossed innumerable times, the drive, rough and rutted, but the harbinger of home, which he had climbed from boyhood to age, the threshold which he had trodden so often as master—they would know him no more! At the thought she broke down and wept, feeling all its poignancy, all its pitifulness, and finding for the moment no support in Clement, no recompense in a love which deceit and secrecy had tainted.

Doubtless she would not have taken things so hardly had she not been overwrought; and, as it was, the first sound that reached her from the Garthmyle road brought her to her feet. A light showed, moving from that direction, travelling slowly through the darkness. It vanished, and she held her breath. It came into view again, and she groped her way forward until she stood in the road. The light was close at hand now, though viewed from the front it moved so little that her worst forebodings were confirmed. But now, now that she saw her fears justified, the woman's fortitude, that in enduring is so much greater than man's, came to her aid, and it was with a calmness that surprised herself that she awaited the slow procession, discerned by the lanthorn-light her father's huddled form, and in a trembling voice asked if he still lived.

'Yes, yes!' Arthur cried, and hastened to reassure her. 'He will do yet, but he is hurt. Go back, Jos, and get his bed ready, and hot water, and some linen. The doctor will be here in a minute.'

His voice, firm and collected, struck the right note, and the girl answered to it bravely. She made no lamentation, shed no tears—there would be time for tears later—but gathering up her skirts she sped up the drive, and before the carriage had passed the bridge she had given the alarm in the house. There, in a moment, all was confusion. Miss Peacock, whatever fears she

had expressed, was ill prepared for the fact, and it was Josina, who, steadied by that half-hour of self-examination, stilled the outcry of the maids, gave the needful orders, and seconded Calamy in carrying them out, had candles placed on the stairs, and with her own hand brought out a stout chair. When the carriage, the lanthorn gleaming sombrely on the shining trunks, drew slowly out of the darkness, she was there with lights and brandy. For her the worst was over. The scared faces of the women, their stifled cries and confused hovering, were but a background to her steady courage.

Still, even she yielded the first place to Arthur. Whatever pity or horror he had felt, he had had time to overcome, and to think both of the present and the future. And he rose to the occasion. He directed, arranged, and was himself the foremost worker. By the time Mr. Farmer, the village doctor, arrived, he had done much which had to be done. The Squire had been carried upstairs, and lay, breathing stertorously, on his great four-post bed with the dingy drab curtains and the two watch-pockets at the head; and everything which could be of use had been brought to hand.

The doctor shut out the frightened maids and shut out Miss Peacock. But Arthur was only at the beginning of his resources. His nerve was good and he aided Farmer in his examination, while Jos, standing out of sight behind the curtain, calm but quivering in every nerve, handed to him or to Calamy what they needed. Even then, however, and while he was thus employed, Arthur found occasion to whisper a cheering word to the girl, to reassure her and give her hope. He forced her to take a glass of wine, and when Calamy, shaking his head, muttered that he had known a man to recover who had been worse hurt—but he was a strong young fellow, he damned the butler for an old fool, regardless of the fact that coming from Calamy this was a cheerful prognostic.

Presently he made her go downstairs. 'Nothing more can be done now,' said he. 'The doctor thinks well of him so far. He and I will stay with him to-night. You must save yourself, Jos. You will be needed to-morrow.'

He left the room with her, and as she would not go to bed he made her lie down on a couch, and himself covered her with a cloak. He had dropped the tone of patronage, almost of persiflage, which he had used to her of late, and he was kindness itself, behaving to her as a brother; so that she did not know

how to be thankful enough for his presence, or for the relief from responsibility which it afforded. Afterwards, looking back on that long, strange night, during which lights burned in the rooms till dawn, and odd meals were served at odd times, and stealthy feet trod the stairs, and scared faces peeped in only to be withdrawn —looking back on that strange night, and its weird happenings, it seemed to her that without him she could not have lived through the hours.

In truth there was not much sleep for anyone. The village doctor, who lived his life in top-boots, and went his rounds on horse-back, and by old-fashioned people was called the apothecary, could say nothing for certain; in the morning he might be able to do so. But in the morning—well, perhaps by night, when the patient came to himself, he might be able to form an opinion. To Arthur he was more candid. The eye was beyond hope—it could not be saved, and he feared that the other eye was injured; and there was serious concussion. He played with his gold seal and looked sagely over his gold-rimmed spectacles as he mouthed his phrases. Whether there was a fracture he could not say at present.

He had seen in a long life and a country practice many such cases, and was skilful in treating them. But—no active measures. 'Dr. Quiet,' he said, 'Dr. Quiet, the best of the faculty, my dear. If he does not always effect a cure, he makes no mistakes. We must leave it to him.'

So morning came, and passed, and noon; and still nothing more could be done. With the afternoon reaction set in; the house resigned itself to rest. Two or three stole away to sleep. Arthur dozed in an arm-chair. The clock struck with abnormal clearness, the cluck of a hen in the yard was heard in the attics. So the hours passed until sunset surprised a yawning house, and in the parlour they pressed one another to eat, and in the kitchen unusual luxuries were consumed with a ghoulish enjoyment, and no fear of the housekeeper. And still Farmer could say no more. They must wait and hope. Dr. Quiet! He praised him afresh in the same words.

Some hours earlier, and before Josina, after much scolding by Miss Peacock, had been ordered to go to her room and lie down, Arthur had told his story.

He did not go into details. 'It would only shock you, Jos. It was Thomas, of course, and I hope to heaven he'll swing for it. I suppose he knew that your father was carrying

a large sum, and he must have struck him, possibly as he turned to say something, and then thrown him out. We must set the hue and cry after him, but Clement will see to that. It was lucky that he turned up when he did.'

She drew a sharp breath; this was the first she had heard of Clement. And in her surprise 'Clement?' she exclaimed. Then, covering her confusion as well as she could, 'Mr. Ovington? Do you mean—he was there, Arthur?'

'By great good luck just when he was wanted. Poor chap. I can tell you it knocked him fairly out of time. All the same, I don't know what might not have happened if he had not come up. I sent him for Farmer, and it saved time.'

'I did not know that he had been there,' she murmured, too self-conscious to ask further questions.

'Well, you wouldn't, of course. He'd been fishing, I fancy, and came along just when it made all the difference. I don't know what I should have done without him.'

'And Thomas?' anxiously. 'You are sure that it was Thomas? What became of him?'

'He made off across the fields. It was dark and useless to follow him—we had other things to think of, as you may imagine. Ten to one he has made for Manchester, but Clement will see to that. Oh, we'll have him! But there, I won't tell you any more, Jos. You look ill as it is, and it will only spoil your sleep. Do you go upstairs and lie down, or you will never be able to go on.' And, Miss Peacock fussily seconding his advice, Jos consented and went.

Arthur's manner had been kind, and Jos thought him kind. A brother could not have been more anxious to spare her unpleasant details. But, told as he had told it, the story left her under the impression that Clement's part had been secondary only, and slight, and that if there were a person to whom she owed the preservation of her father's life, it was Arthur, and Arthur only. Which she was the more ready to believe, in view of the masterly way in which he had managed all at the house, had taken the upper hand in all, and saved her, and spared her.

Yet Arthur had been careful to state no facts which could be contradicted by evidence, should the whole come out—at an inquest, for instance. He had foreseen the possibility of that, and had been careful. Indeed, it was with that in his mind that he had—well, that he had not gone into details.

CHAPTER XVI.

CLEMENT had walked with the doctor to the door and had secured a last word with Arthur outside, but he had not ventured to enter the house, much less to ask for Josina. He knew how heavily the shock would fall on her, and his heart was wrung for her. But he knew also, or he guessed, that the poignancy of her grief would be sharpened by remorse, and he felt that in the first outburst of self-reproach his presence would be the last she would welcome.

It was not a pleasant thought for a lover; but then how much worse, he reflected, would it have been for her, had she never made up her mind to confession. And in his own person how much better he now stood. He had saved the Squire's life, and had saved it in circumstances that must do him credit. He had run his risks, and been put to the test, and he had come manfully out of it; and he still felt that elation of spirit, that readiness to do and dare, to meet fresh ventures, which attends on a crisis successfully encountered.

He was not in a mood to be dashed by trifles therefore, or Arthur, when he came out to speak to him, would have dashed him, for Arthur was rather short with him. 'You can do nothing here,' he said. 'We are tumbling over one another. Get after that rascal. He has got away with four hundred in gold and we must recover it. Watkins at the Griffin may know where he'll make for.'

'He's in livery, isn't he?'

'Begad, so he is! I'd not thought of that! I'll have his place watched in case he steals back to change. But do you see Watkins.'

Clement took his dismissal meekly and went to Watkins. He soon learned all that the inn-keeper knew, which amounted to no more than a conviction that Thomas would make for Manchester. Watkins shook his head over the livery. The rascal was no fool; he'd have got rid of that. 'Oh, he's a clever one, sir, and a gallus bad one,' he continued. 'He'd talk here that daring that he'd lift the hair on my head. But I never thought, sir, that he'd devil enough,' in a tone of admiration, 'to attack the Squire! Well, he'll swing this time, if he's taken! You're not in very good fettle yourself, sir. You know that your cheek's bleeding?'

'It's nothing. And you think he'll make for Manchester?'

'As sure as sure! He's done that this time, sir, as he never can be safe but in a crowd. And where'd he go but where he knows? He'll be in Manchester before to-morrow night, and it'll take you all your time, sir, finding him there! It's a mortal big place, I understand, and he'll have got rid of his livery, depend on it!'

'I'll find him,' Clement said. And he meant it. His blood was hot, he had tasted of adventure and he found it more to his liking than day-books and ledgers. And already he had made up his mind that it was his business to pursue Thomas. He was angered by the rascal's cowardly attack upon an old man, and were it only for that he would take him. But apart from that he saw that if he recovered the Squire's money it would be another point to his credit—if the Squire recovered. If the old man did not, well, still he would have done something. As he rode home, passing the scene of the robbery, he laid his plans.

He would leave the search in that district to the Head Constable at Aldersbury. But he expected little from this. In those days if a man was robbed it was the man's own business and that of his friends to follow the thief and seize him if they could. In London the Bow Street Runners saw to it, and in one or two of the big cities there were police officers organised on similar lines. But in the country there were only parish constables, elderly men, often chosen because they were past work.

Clement knew, then, that he must rely on himself, and he tried to imagine what Thomas would do, and what route he would take if he made for Manchester. Not through Aldersbury, for there he would run the risk of recognition. Nor would he venture into either of the direct roads thence—through Congleton or by Tarporley; for it was along these roads that he would be likely to be followed. How, then? Through Chester, Clement fancied. The man was already on the Chester side of Aldersbury, and he could make at once for that place, while in the full stream of traffic between Chester and Manchester his traces would be lost. Travelling on foot and by night, he might reach Chester about ten in the morning, and probably, having money and being footsore, he would take the first Manchester coach that left after ten.

At this point Clement found himself crossing the West Bridge, the faint scattered lights of the town rising to a point before him. His first business was to knock up the constable and tell his tale.

This done, he made for the bank, where he found the household awaiting his coming in some alarm, for it was close on midnight. Here he had to tell his story afresh, amid expressions of wonder and pity, while Betty fetched sponge and water and bathed his cheek; nor, modestly as he related his doings, could he quite conceal the part that he had played. The banker listened, approved, and for once experienced a new sensation. He was proud of his son. Moreover, as a dramatic sequel to the Squire's withdrawal of the money, the story touched him home.

Then Clement, as he ate his supper, came to his point. 'I'm going after him,' he said.

The banker objected. 'It's not your business, my lad,' he said. 'You've done enough, I'm sure.'

'But the point is—it's bank money, sir.' Clement had grown cunning.

'It was—this morning.'

'And he was a client this morning—and may be to-morrow sir.'

The banker considered. There was something in that; and this sudden interest in the bank was gratifying. But—but he did not quite understand it. 'You seem to be confoundedly taken up with this,' he said, 'but I don't see why you need mix yourself up with it farther. The scoundrel's neck is in a halter and he won't be taken without a struggle. Have you thought of that?'

'I'd take him if he were ten,' Clement said—and blushed at his own enthusiasm. He muttered something about the man being a villain, and the sooner he was laid by the heels the better.

'Yes, by someone. But I don't see why you need——'

'Anyway, I'm going to do it, sir,' Clement replied with unexpected independence. 'I shall go by the Nantwich coach at half-past five, drop off at Altringham, and catch him as he goes through. True, if he goes by Frodsham I may miss him, but I fancy that the morning coach by Frodsham leaves Chester too early for him. And, after all, I can't stop every bolt-hole.'

Ovington wondered anew, seeing his son in a new light. This was not the idler with his eyes on the ledger and his thoughts abroad, whom he had known in the bank, but a young man with purpose in his glance and a cut on his cheek-bone, who looked as if he could be ugly if it came to a pinch. A quite new Clement—or new at any rate to him.

He reflected. Certainly, the affair would be talked of, and it would be a feather in the bank's cap if the money, which the Squire had withdrawn, were recovered through the bank's exertions. Viewed in that light there was method in the lad's madness, whatever had bitten him. 'Well, I think it is a dangerous business,' he said at last, 'and it is not your business. But go, if you will, only you must take Payne with you.'

Payne was the bank man-of-all-work, but Clement would not hear of Payne. If he could be called at five, he asked no more. Even if all the seats on the Victory were booked, they would find room for him somewhere.

'But your face?' Betty said. 'Isn't it painful? It's turning black, and——'

'I'll bet that villain's is as black!' he retorted. 'I know I got home on him once. Only let me be called.'

But his father saw that, as he passed through the hall, he took one of the bank pistols out of the case in which they were kept, and slipped it into his pocket. The banker wondered anew, and felt perhaps more anxiety than he showed. At any rate, it was he who called the lad at five and saw that he drank the coffee that Betty had prepared, and that he ate something. At the last, indeed, Clement feared that his father might offer to accompany him, but he did not. Possibly he had decided that if his son was bent on proving his mettle in this odd business, it was wisest not to balk him.

The sun was rising as Clement's coach rattled down the Foregate between the old Norman towers that crowned the Castle Hill, and the long austere front of the school, with its wide low casements twinkling in the first beams. Early milk-carts drew aside to give the coach passage, white-eyed sweeps gazed enviously after it, mob-caps at windows dreamt of holidays and sighed to be on it and away. Soon it burst merrily from the crowded houses and met the morning freshness and the open country and the rolling fields. The mists were rising from the valley behind, as the horses breasted the ascent above the old battle-field, swept down the farther slope, and at eight miles an hour climbed up Armour Hill between meadows sparkling with dew and coverts flickering with conies. Down the hill at a canter, which presently carried it rejoicing into Wem. There the first relay was waiting, and away again they went, bowling over the barren gorse-clad heath that brought them presently through narrow twisting streets to the

White Lion at Whitchurch. Again, 'Horses on!' and merrily they travelled down the gentle slope to the Cheshire plain, where miles of green country spread themselves in the sunshine, a land of fatness and plenty, of cheese and milk and slow-running brooks. The clock on Nantwich church was showing a half after eight, as with a long flourish from the bugle they passed below it, and halted for breakfast at the Crown, in the stubborn old Roundhead town.

Half an hour to refresh, topping up with a glass of famous Nantwich ale, and away again. But now the sun was high, the world abroad, the roads were alive with traffic. Onwards from Nantwich, where they began to run alongside the Ellesmere Canal, with its painted barges and gay market boats, the road took on a new importance, and many a smiling wayside house, Lion or Swan, cheered the travellers on their way. Spanking four-in-hands, handled by lusty coachmen, the autocrats of the road, chaises-and-four with postboys in green or yellow, white-coated farmers and clergymen on hackneys, commercials in gigs, and publicans in tax-carts, pedlars, packmen, the one-legged sailor, and Punch and Judy—all these met or passed them; and huge wains laden with Manchester goods and driven by teamsters in smocks with long whips on their shoulders. And the inns! The inns, with their swaying signs and open windows, their benches crowded with loungers and their yards echoing with the cry of 'Next team!'—the inns, with their groaning tables and huge joints and gleaming silver, these came so often, swaggered so loudly, imposed themselves so royally, that half the life of the road seemed to be in and about them.

And Clement saw it all and rejoiced in it all, though his eyes never ceased to search for a dour-looking man with a bruised face. He rejoiced in the cantering horses and the abounding life about him, in the freedom of it and the joyousness of it, his pulses leaping in tune with it; and not the less in tune, so splendid a thing is it to be young and in love, because he had fought a fight and slept only three hours. He watched it all pass before him, and if he had ever believed in his father's scheme of an iron way and iron horses he lost faith in it now. For it was impossible to believe that any iron road running across fields and waste places could vie with this splendid highway, this orderly procession of coaches, travelling and stopping and meeting with the regularity of a weaver's shuttle, these long lines of laden waggons, these swift chaises horsed at

every stage! He saw stables that sheltered a hundred roadsters and were not full; ostlers to whom a handful of oats in every peck gave a gentlemen's income; teams that were clothed and curried as tenderly as children; mighty caravanserais full to the attics. A whole machinery of transport passed under his wondering eyes, and the railway, the Valleys Railway—he smiled at it as at the dream of a visionary.

They swept through Nantwich before noon, and an hour later Clement dropped off the coach in front of the Bowling Green Inn at Altringham, and knew that his task lay before him. The little town had no church, but it boasted for its size more bustle than he had expected, and as he eyed its busy streets and its flow of traffic his spirits sank; it did not call itself one of the gates of Manchester for nothing. However, he had not come to stand idle, and the first step, to seek out a constable, was easy. But to secure that worthy's aid—he was but a deputy, a pot-bellied, spectacled shoemaker—was another matter. The man rolled up his leather apron and pushed his horn-rimmed glasses on to his forehead, but he shook his head. 'A very desperate villain,' he said, 'a very desperate villain! But lor', master, a dark sullen chap with a black eye and legs a little bandy? Why, I be dark and I be bandy, and for black eyes—I'm afeard there's more than one o' that cut on the road.'

'But not to-day,' Clement urged. 'He'll come through to-day or to-night.'

'Ay, and more likely night than day. But how be I to see if he's a blackened peeper in the dark! I can't haul a gentleman off a coach to ask the colour of his eyes.'

'Well, anyway, do your best.'

'We might bill him and cry him?'

'That's it! Do that!' Clement saw that that was about the extent of the help he would get in this quarter. 'Send the crier to me at the Bowling Green, and I'll write a bill—Five pounds reward for information!'

The constable's eyes twinkled. 'Now you're on a line, master,' he said. 'Now we'll do summat, maybe!'

Clement took the hint and bettered the line with a crown-piece, and hastening back to his inn he took seisin of a seat in the window of the coffee room which commanded the main street. Here he wrote out a bill, and bribed a waiter to keep the place for him: and in it he sat patiently, scanning every person who passed.

But so many passed that an hour had not elapsed before he held his task hopeless, though he continued to perform it. The constable had undertaken to go round the inns and to set a watch on a side street; and the bill might do something. But his fancy pictured half a dozen by-ways through the town, or the man might avoid the town, or he might go by another route. Altogether it began to seem a hopeless task, his fancied sagacity a silly conceit. But he had undertaken the task, and as he had told his father he could not close all holes. He could only set his snare across the largest and hope for the best.

Presently he heard the crier ring his bell and cry his man. 'Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes!' and the rest of it, ending with 'God save the King!' And that cheered him for a while. That was something. But as hour after hour went by and coaches, carriages, and postchaises stopped and started before the door, and pedestrians passed, and still no Thomas appeared, though half a dozen times he ran out to take a nearer view of some traveller, or to inspect a slumberer in a hay-cart, he began to despair. There were so many chances against him. So many straws floated by, but half seen in the current.

By and by the constable called, but he had nothing to report. A little later night doubled his difficulties and trebled his misgivings. Though he now kept watch in the street itself, it was impossible to examine every man who passed—and how large loomed the by-ways now! Of course the man would not pass through the main street. He would slip past the town, or go by Frodsham. Or perchance he was still hiding in Garthmyle, or in Aldersbury, harboured by some confederate.

But Clement was dogged. He persisted, though hope had almost abandoned him, and it was long after midnight before, sinking with fatigue, he left his post. Even so he was out again by six, but if there was anything of which he was now certain, it was that the villain had gone by in the night. Still he remained, his eyes roving ceaselessly over the passers-by, who were now few, now many, as the current ran fast or slow, as some coach high-laden drew up before the door with a noisy fanfaronade, or some heavy waggon toiled slowly by.

It was in one of these slack intervals, when the street was tolerably empty, that his eyes fell on a man who was loitering on the other side of the way. The man had his hands in his pockets and a straw in his mouth, and he seemed to be a mere idler; but as his eyes met

Clement's he winked. Then, with an almost imperceptible gesture of the head, he lounged away in the direction of the inn yard.

Clement doubted if anything was meant, but grasping at every chance he hurried out and found the man standing in the yard, his hands still in his pockets, the straw in his mouth. He was staring at an object, which, to judge from his aspect, could have no possible interest for him—a pump. 'Do you want me?' Clement asked.

'Mebbe, mister. Do you see that stable?'

'Well?'

'D'you go in there and I'll—mebbe I'll join you.'

But Clement was suspicious. 'I am not going out of sight of the street,' he said.

'Lord!' contemptuously. 'Your man's gone these six hours. He's many a mile on by now! You come into the stable.'

The fellow's looks did not commend him. He was blear-eyed and under-sized, wearing a mangy rabbit-skin waist-coat, and no coat. He had the air of a postboy run to seed. Still, Clement thought it better to go with him, and in the stable, 'Be you the gent that offered five pounds?' the man asked, turning upon him.

'I am.'

'Then fork out, squire. Open your purse, and I'll open my mouth.'

'If you'll come with me to the constable——'

'Not I. I ben't sharing with no constable. That is flat.'

'Well, what do you know?'

'What you want to know. Howsumdever, if you'll give me your word you'll act the gentleman?'

'Who are you, my lad?'

'Ostler at the Barley Sheaf in Malthouse Lane. You're on? Right. I see, you're a gentleman. Well, your chap come in 'bout eleven last night on an empty dray from Chester. He had four sacks of corn with him.'

'Oh, but that can't be the man!' Clement exclaimed, his face falling.

'You listen, mister. He had four sacks of corn with him, and waggoner, he'd bargained to carry him to Manchester. But they had quarrelled, and t'other chucked off his sacks in our yard, and there was pretty nigh a fight. Waggoner he went off and left him cursing, and he offered me a shilling to find him a lift to Manchester first thing i' the morning. 'Bout daylight there come in

a hay-cart, but driver 'd only take the man and not the forage. Howsumdever, he said at last he'd take one sack, and your chap up and asked me would I take care of t'other three till he sent for 'em. I see he was mighty keen to get on, and I sez, "No," sez I, "but I'll buy 'em cheap." "Right," sez he, and surprising little bones about it, and lets me have 'em cheap! So thinks I, who's this as chucks away money, and as he climbed up I managed to knock off his tile and see his eye was painted, and he the very spot of your bill! I'd half a mind to stop him, but he was over-weight for me—I'm a little chap—and I let him go.' He added some details which satisfied Clement that the traveller was really Thomas.

'Did you hear where he was going to in Manchester?'

'Five pound, mister!' The man held out his grimy paw.

Clement did not like the cunning in the bleary eyes, but he had gone so far that he could hardly draw back. He counted out four one-pound notes. 'Now then?' he said, showing the fifth, but keeping a firm hold on it.

'The lad that took him is Jerry Stott—of the Apple-Tree Inn in Fennel Street. You go to him, mister. One of these will do it.'

Clement gave him the other note. 'He didn't tell you where he was going?'

'He very particilar did not. But I'm thinking you'll net him at Jerry's. Do you take one of Nadin's boys. He's a desperate-looking chap. He gave you that punch in the face, I guess?' with interest.

'He did.'

'Ah, well, you marked him. But you get one of Nadin's boys. You'll not take him easy.'

CHAPTER XVII.

Clement did not let the grass grow under his feet. An hour later he was rattling over the stony pavements and through the crowded streets of the busy town, which had grown in a short hundred years from something little more than a village, to be the second centre of wealth and population, of poverty and crime, within the seas; a centre on which the eye of Government rested with unwinking vigilance, for without a voice in Parliament and with half of its citizens deprived of civic rights—since half were Nonconformists—it was the focus of all the discontent in the country. There, if anywhere, flourished the agitation against the

Test Acts and the movement for Reform. Thence had started the famous Blanketeers, there six years before had taken place the Peterloo massacre. Thence as by the million filaments of some great web was roused or calmed the vast industrial world of Lancashire. The thunder of the power-loom that had created it, the roar of the laden drays that shook it, deafened the wondering stranger; but more formidable and momentous than either, had he known it, was the half-heard murmur of an underworld striving to be free.

Clement had never visited the cotton-town before, and on a more commonplace errand he might have allowed himself to be daunted by a turmoil and bustle as new to him as it was uncongenial. But with his mind set on one thing, he heeded his surroundings only as they threatened to baulk his aim, and he had himself driven directly to the Police Office, over which the notorious Nadin had so lately presided that for most people it still went by his name. Fearless, resolute, and not too scrupulous, the man had through twenty troublous years combated the forces alike of disorder and of liberty; and before London had yet acquired an efficient police, he had gathered round him a body of men equal at least to the Bow Street Runners. He had passed, but his methods survived; and half an hour after Clement had entered the office he issued from it accompanied by a hard-bitten, sharp-eyed man in a tall beaver hat and a long wide-skirted coat.

'The Apple Tree? Oh, the Apple Tree's on the square,' he informed Clement. 'And Jerry Stott? No harm in him, sir, either. He'll speak when he sees me.'

'You don't think we need another man?'

'There's one following. No use to go in a bunch. He'll watch the front, and we'll go in by the yard. Got a barker, sir?'

'Yes.'

''Fraid so. Well, don't use it—show it if you like. Law's law, and a live dog's worth more than its hide. Ay, that's Chetham's. Queer old place, and—sharp's the word, here we are,' as they turned off Long Mill Gate, and entered the yard of an old-fashioned house, over the door of which hung the sign of an apple-tree. The place was quiet, in comparison with the street they had left, and 'Here's Jerry,' the officer added, as they espied a young fellow, who in a corner of the enclosure was striving to raise to his shoulder a truss of hay. He ceased his efforts when he saw them.

'We want a word with you,' said the officer.

The man eyed them with dismay. 'I never thout 'at he'd come to thee,' he said.

'The chap you brought in this morning?'

'Ay, sure.'

'Happen yes and happen no,' the policeman replied. 'What's it all about?'

'If he says I took his eauts he be a leear. I wurna wi' the sack, not to say alone 'at is, not five minutes, and yo' may look at t' sack and see all's theer as ever was! Never a handfu' missing, tho' the chap he cursed and swore an' took on, the mout ha' been eauts o' gowd! He's a leear iv he says I tetched 'em, but I never thout he'd t' brass to come to thee.'

'Why not, lad?'

''Cause i' the end he let up and steared at t' sack leek a steck pig, and then he fell a shriking i' worse shap than ever, and away he goes as iv a dog had bit him and down t' Long Gate hell for leather!'

'Which way? I see. Did he take the oats?'

'Not he, nor t' bag. An after mekking setch a din about his eauts! I war no wi' 'em five minutes.'

The officer declined to commit himself. 'Let us see them,' he said.

Jerry led them to a tumble-down, black and white building at the rear of the yard, with lattice work in its crazy windows and an old date over the door. They followed him up a ladder and into a loft, where were a frowsy bed or two, some old pack-saddles, and two or three stools made out of casks sawn in two. On the floor in one place lay a heap of oats trampled this way and that, and beside the heap an empty sack. The officer picked up the sack, shook it and examined it.

'What do you make of it?' Clement asked.

'I don't know what to make of it. Here, you, Jerry, fetch me a corn measure!' And when he had thus rid them of the lad, 'He may be carrying out orders and telling a flash tale to put us off. Or he may be telling the truth, and in that case it looks as if some one had been a mite brighter than your man and cleared his stuff.'

'But where is it?'

'Ah! Just so, I'd like to know,' shaking his head. 'Yes, Jerry, measure it back into the sack. How much is there?'

The lad began to gather up the oats and replace them in the bag, while the two men looked on, perplexed and undecided. Suddenly Clement stooped—a scrap of cord, doubtless the cord which had tied the neck of the sack, had caught his eye. He picked it up, looked at it, then, with a word, he handed it to the officer. 'I think that settles it,' he said, his eyes shining. There was a tiny twist of straw-plait, like a rosette, knotted about the cord and still adhering to it.

Nadin's man looked at the plait and for a moment did not understand. Then his face cleared. 'By Joseph! You're right, sir!' he exclaimed, and slapped his thigh. 'And sharp, sharp too. You'd ought to be one of us! That settles it, it's the back-track we've to look to, but I'll take no chances.' And turning to the lad and addressing him in his harshest voice, 'See here, in an hour we shall know if you've told us the truth. If you've not it will be the New Bailey and a pair of iron garters for you. So if you've aught to add, out with it! It's your last chance, Jerry Stott.'

But the lad protested that he'd told all the truth. It had happened just as he had told them.

The officer turned to Clement. 'I think he's on the square,' he said, 'but I'll have him watched.' And he led the way down the ladder. When they reached the street, he stepped out smartly, making nothing of the crowd and bustle, the lumbering drays and over-hanging cranes through which they had to thread their way. 'We'll catch the Altringham stage at the Cross if we're sharp,' he said. 'It'll be quicker than getting out a po'chay and a lot cheaper.'

They caught the stage, and alighted in Altringham before five. A walk of as many minutes brought them to the Barley Sheaf, a waggoners' house at the corner of a lane in the poorest part of the town. The ostler, from whom Clement had so lately parted, stood leaning against a post at the entrance to the yard, his hands still in his pockets and the straw still in his mouth. When he saw them a grin broke up his ugly face. 'He've been here,' he cried, 'but,' triumphantly, 'I've routed him, mister! I sent him all ways!'

The officer did not respond. 'Why, the devil, didn't you seize him?' he growled.

'What, me? And him double my size? And a desperate villain? 'Deed, I'd to save my skin, mister, and only yon lad

and a couple of childer in the yard when he come. I see him first, sneaking a look round this yere post, and thinks I, it'll be a knife in the back or a punch in the face for me if he's heard I've rapped. So, first's better than last, thinks I, and seeing as he hung back I up to him bold as brass, but with one eye on the lad too, and sez I, "Can you read?" sez I. He looked at me 's if he'd have my blood, but there was the lad and the childer a-staring, so "Ay, I can," says he, "and can read you, you thieving villain!" "Well, if you can read, read that," sez I, and pointed to a bill as was posted on the gate. "I can't," sez I, "and, happen you can tell me what 'tis all about." He looks, and he sees 'tis the bill about he, and painting him to the life. Anyways, he turns the colour o' whey and he gives me a look as if he'd cut out my innards, but he sees it's no good, for there was the lad and the childer, and he slinks off. Ay, I routed him, I did, little as I be, mister!'

'Right!' said Nadin's man. 'And now do you show us the sack as you changed for his.'

The man's face fell amazingly, but Clement noted that he looked surprised rather than frightened. 'Eh?' he exclaimed. 'Lord, now, who told you, mister? He didn't know.'

'Never mind who told us. We know, and that's enough. There was a twist o' plait round the cord?'

'There were.'

'You said nothing about it before. But out with it now, and do you take care, my lad.'

'Well, who axed me? Exchange is no robbery and I ain't afeard. 'Twas just this way. He sold me three sacks, 's I told you, squire, and I was hauling 'em off to stable when "Not that one!" says he sharp. So then I looked at t' one he was so set on keeping, and when his back was turned I hefted it sly-like, and it seemed to me a good bit heavier than t' others. Then I spied the bit o' plait about the cord, and thinks I, being no fule, 'tis a mark. And when he went in for a squib o' cordial wi' Jerry Stott I shifted t' mark to another sack and loaded up, and off he goes and he none the wiser, and no harm done. Exchange is no robbery and you can't do nowt to me for that.'

'I don't know,' said the officer darkly. 'Let us see the sack.'

'You're not agoing——'

'Do you hear? Jump, unless you want to get into trouble. You show us that sack, and be quick about it, my lad.'

Grumbling, but not daring to refuse, the old man led the way

into the stables, and there in an empty stall the three sacks stood upright. 'Which is the one you filched?' asked the man from Manchester.

Reluctantly the ostler pointed it out. 'Then you get me a horse-cloth.'

'You're not going—well, a wilful man must have his way. Will that serve you? But if my oats is spilled and spiled——'

Nadin's man paid no heed to his remonstrance, but in a trice cut the cord that tied the sack's mouth, tipped it on its side, and let the grain pour out in a golden stream. A golden stream it proved to be, for in a twinkling something sparkled amid the corn, and here and there a sovereign glittered. To Clement and the officer who had read the riddle, this was no great surprise, though they viewed it with smiling satisfaction. But the old man, struck dumb by the sight of the treasure that had been for a time in his power, turned a dirty white. He stood gazing at the vision of wealth, greed in his eyes, his hands working convulsively; and presently in a choked voice, 'O, Lord! O, Lord!' he muttered. 'You'll not take t' all! You'll not take t' all! It were mine. I bought it.'

'You came nigh to buying a pair o' bracelets,' the officer replied grimly. 'You with stolen property in your possession to talk o'—thank your stars your neck's not to answer for it! No, we don't need your help. You sheer off. We can count it without you. You've done pretty well as it is. Sheer off, unless you want the handcuffs on you!'

The old ostler went, measuring the five pounds which he had made by the treasure he had lost, and finding no comfort in the possession of that which only an hour before had been a fortune to gloat over. But there was no help for it. He had to swallow his rage. The officer called after him to bring a sieve. He brought it sullenly, and his part was done. All that was left to him was a vision of gold that grew more dazzling with each telling of the tale. And very, very often he told it.

When he was gone they gathered up the oats and riddled them through the sieve and recovered four hundred and thirty pounds. Thomas had taken a mere handful for his spending. As Clement counted it, sovereign by sovereign, into a knotted handkerchief which the other held, he, too, gloated over it, for it spelled success. But the money reckoned and the handkerchief knotted up, 'And now for the man,' he said.

But Nadin's man shook his head. 'We'd be weeks and not get him,' he said. 'You'd best leave him to us, sir. We'll bill him in Manchester and make the flash kens too hot for him. But there's no knowing which way he'll turn. May be to Liverpool, or as like as not to Aldersbury. Chaps like him are pigeons for homing. Back they go, though they know they'll be taken.'

In the end Clement decided to stand content, and having given his assistant a liberal fee, he took his seat next morning on the Victory coach, travelling by Chester to Aldersbury. He was not vain, but it was with some exultation that he began his journey, that he faced again the free-blowing winds and the open pastures, heard the cheery notes of the bugle, and viewed the old-fashioned market-places and roistering inns, some of which he had passed three days before. He had not failed. He had done something; and he thought of Jos, and he thought of the Squire, and he thanked Providence that had put it in his power to turn the tables on the old man. Surely after what he had done the Squire must consider him. Surely after services so notable—and Lord, what luck he had had—the Squire would be willing to listen to him? He recalled the desperate struggle in the road, and the old man's 'At him, good lad! At him!' and he thought of the sum—no small sum, and the old man was avaricious—which his promptness had recovered. And in truth his hopes ran high.

To be sure, there was another side to it. The Squire might not recover, and then—but he refused to dwell on that contingency. No, the Squire must recover, must receive and reward him, must own that after all he was something better than a clerk or a shopboy. And all things would be well, all roads be made smooth, all difficulties be cleared away. And in time he and Jos—his eyes shone.

Of course in the elation of the hour his fancy ran riot. Of course, flushed by success, he ignored facts which he would have been wiser to remember, and over-leapt obstacles which were not small. A little thought would have taught him that the Squire was not the man to change his views in an hour, or to swallow the prejudices of a life-time because a young chap had done him a service. To be beholden to a man, and to give him your daughter, however ineligible he may be, are things far apart.

And this Clement in cooler moments would have seen. But he was young and in love, and he had done something; and the sun shone and the air was sweet, and if, as the coach swung gaily up the Foregate between School and Castle, his heart beat high and

he already foresaw a triumphant issue, who shall blame him? At any rate his case was altered, and in comparison with his position a few days before, he stood well.

He alighted at the door of the Lion, and by a coincidence which was to have its consequences the first person he met in the High Street was Arthur Bourdillon. 'Hallo!' Arthur cried, his face lighting up. 'Back already, man? Have you done anything?'

'I've got the money,' Clement replied. And he waved the bag. He carried it in his hand.

'And Thomas?'

'No, he gave us the slip for the time. But I've got the money, except a dozen pounds or so.'

'The deuce you have!' the other answered—and it was not quite clear whether he were pleased or not. 'How did you do it? Tell us all about it.' He drew Clement aside on to some steps at the foot of St. Juliana's church.

Clement ran briefly over his adventures. When he had done, 'Deuced sharp of you,' Arthur said. 'Devilish sharp, I must say! Now, if you'll hand over I'll take it out to Garth. I am on my way there, just starting now, and I haven't a moment to spare. If you'll hand over——'

But Clement made no move to hand over. Instead, 'How is he?' he asked.

'Oh, pretty bad.'

'Will he get over it?'

'Farmer thinks so. But there's no hope for the eye, and he doubts about the other eye. He's not to use it for six weeks at least.'

'He's in bed?'

'Lord, yes, and will be in bed for heaven knows how long—if he ever gets up from it. Why, man, he's had the deuce of a shake. The wonder is that he's alive, and it's long odds that he'll never be the same man again.'

'That's bad,' Clement said gravely. 'And how is——' He was going to inquire after Miss Griffin, but Arthur broke in on him.

'Ask the rest another time,' he said. 'I can't stay now. I'm taking out things that are wanted in a hurry and the curricle is waiting for me. This is the first day I've been in town, for there's no one there to do anything except my cousin and the old Peahen. So hand over, old chap, and I'll take the stuff out. It will do the old man more good than all the doctor's medicine.'

Clement hesitated. If he had not been carrying the money, he might have made some excuse. He might at any rate have delayed the act. But the money was not his, he could give no reason for taking it to the bank, and he had not that hardness of fibre, that indifference to the feelings of others which was needed if he was to say boldly that it was he who had recovered the money and he who was going to hand it over. Still he did hesitate, something telling him that the demand was unreasonable, and might have consequences if he complied with it. Then Arthur's coolness, his assumption that what he proposed was the natural course did its work. Clement handed over the bag.

'Right,' Arthur said, weighing it in his hand. 'You counted it, I suppose? Four hundred and thirty, or thereabouts?'

'That's it.'

'Good! See you soon. Good-bye!' And well pleased with himself, chuckling a little—for Clement's discomfiture had not escaped him—Arthur hurried away.

And Clement went his way. But reality had touched his golden dreams, and they had melted. The sun still shone, but it did not shine for him, and he no longer walked with his head in the air. It was not only that, by resigning the money and entrusting its return to another, he had lost the advantage on which he had counted, but he had been worsted. He had failed, in the contest of wits and wills, and, abuse his ill-luck as he might, he owed the failure to himself—to his own weakness. He saw it.

It was possible that Arthur had acted in innocence, and only taken the step that occurred to him as the right step. But Clement doubted this, and he doubted it the more the longer he thought of it. He fancied that he recognised a thing which had happened before: that this was not the first time that Arthur had taken the upper hand with him and jockeyed him into the worse position. As he crossed the threshold of the bank, his self-confidence fell from him, he felt himself slip into the old atmosphere, he became once more the inefficient.

Nor was it any comfort to him that his father saw the matter in the same light, and after listening with an appreciative face and some surprise to his earlier adventures, made no effort to hide the chargin that he felt at the *dénouement*. 'But why—why in the world did you do that?' he exclaimed. 'Give up the money after you had done the work? And to Bourdillon, who had no more right to it than you had? Good heavens, lad, it was

the act of a fool! I'd not be surprised if old Griffin never heard your name in connection with it!'

'Oh, I don't think Arthur——'

'Well, I do.' The banker was vexed. 'It's clear that Arthur is a deal sharper than you. As for the Squire, I hear that he is only half-conscious, and what he hears, if he ever hears the tale at all, will make little impression on him. Now if he had seen you, and you'd handed over the money—if he had seen you, then the bank and you would have got the credit.'

'Still, Clem did recover it,' Betty said.

'Ay, but who will ever know that he did?'

'Still he did, and I believe that he'll get a message from Garth to-morrow. Now, see if you don't, Clem. Or the next day.'

But no message came on the morrow, or on the next day. No message came at all; and though it was possible to attribute this to the Squire's condition—for he was reported to be very ill—and Clement did his best to attribute it to that and to keep up his spirits, the tide of time wears away even hope, and presently he began to see that he had built on the sand.

At any rate no message and no acknowledgment came, unless a perfunctory word dropped by Arthur counted as such. And Clement had soon to recognise that what he had done, he might as well, for any good it was likely to do him, have left undone. His father, who had no thought of anything but his son's credit, was merely chagrined. But with Clement, who had built high hopes upon the event, hopes of which his father and Betty little dreamed, the wound went far deeper.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Squire raised himself painfully on his elbow and hid the bag between pillow and tester, where he could assure himself of its presence by a touch. Then he sank back with a grunt of relief and his hand went to the keys, which also had their home under his pillow. He clung to them—they were his badge of authority, of power. While he had them, sightless as he was, he was still master; about his room, the oak-panelled chamber, spacious but shabby, with the uneven floor and the low wide casement, the life of the house still circled.

'Good lad!' he muttered. 'Good lad! Jos?'

'Yes, father.' She rose and came towards him.

'Where's Arthur?'

'He went out with your message.'

'To be sure! To be sure! I'm forgetting.'

But, once started on the road to recovery, he did not forget much. From his high, four-post bed with the drab hangings in which his father and grandfather had died, he gripped house and lands in a firm grip. Morning by morning he would have his report of the lambs, of the wheat, of the hay-crops, of the ploughing on the eight acres where the swedish turnips were to go. He would know what corn went to the mill, what mutton to the house. The bounds-fence that Farmer Bache had neglected was not forgotten, nor the young colt that he had decided to take against Farmer Price's arrears, nor the lease for lives that involved a knotty point of which he proved himself to be in complete possession.

Indeed, he showed himself indomitable, the old heart in him still strong; so that neither the shock that he had borne, nor the pain that he had suffered, nor the possibility of permanent blindness which they could not wholly hide from him, sufficed to subdue or unman him.

Only in one or two things was a change apparent. He reverted, unconsciously, to an older and ruder form of speech familiar to him when George the Third was young, but which of late he had only used when talking with his tenants. He said 'Dunno you do this!' and 'I wunt ha' that!' used 'ship' for sheep, and 'goold' for gold, called Thomas a 'gallus bad rascal,' and the like.

And in another and more important point he was changed. For eyes he must now depend on some one, and though he showed that he liked to have Jos about him and bore with her when the other women's fussiness drove him to bad words, it was soon clear that the person he chose was Arthur. Arthur was restored, and more than restored to favour. It was 'Where's Arthur?' a score of times a day. Arthur must come, must go, must be ever at his elbow. He must check such and such an account, see the overseers about such an one, speak to the constable about another, go into Aldersbury about the lease. Even when Arthur was absent the Squire's thoughts ran on him, and often he would mutter 'Good lad! Good lad!' when he thought himself alone.

It was a real *bouleversement*, but Josina, supposing that Arthur had saved her father's life at his own risk, and had then added to his merit by recovering the lost money, found it natural enough. For the full details of the robbery had never been told to her.

'Better leave it alone, Jos,' Arthur had said when some days later she had shown a desire to know more. 'It was a horrid business and you won't want to dream of it. Another minute and that d—d villain would have—but there, I'd advise you to leave it alone.'

Jos, suspecting nothing, had not demurred, but on the contrary had thought Arthur as modest as he was brave. And the doctor, with an eye to his patient's well-being, had taken the same view. 'Put no questions to him,' he said, 'and don't talk to him about it. Time enough to go into it by and by, when the shock's worn off. The odds are that he will remember nothing that happened just before the scoundrel struck him—that's the common thing—and so much the better, my dear. Let sleeping dogs lie, or, as we doctors say, don't think about your stomach till your victuals trouble you.'

So Josina knew no particulars except that Arthur had saved his uncle's life, and Clement—she shuddered as she thought of it—had come up in time to be of service. And no one at Garth knew more. But, knowing so much, it was not surprising to her that Arthur should be restored to favour, and, lately forbidden the house, should now rule it as a master. And clearly Arthur, also, found the position natural, so easily did he fall into it. He was up and down the old shallow stairs—which the Squire, true to the fashions of his youth, had never carpeted—a dozen times a day. He was as often in and out of his uncle's bedroom, or sitting on the deep window-seat on which generations of mothers had sunned their babes; and all this with a laugh and a cheery word that wondrously brightened the sick room. Alert, quick, serviceable, and willing to take any responsibility, he made himself a favourite with all. Even Calamy, who shook his head over every improvement in the Squire, and murmured much of the 'old lamp flickering before it went out,' grew hopeful in his presence. Miss Peacock adored him. He put Josina's nose out of joint.

Of the young fellow, whose moodiness had of late perplexed his companions in the bank, not a trace remained. Had they seen him as he was now they might have been tempted to think that a weight had been lifted from him. But he seemed, for the time, to have forgotten the bank. He rarely mentioned the Ovingtons.

There was one at Garth, however, who had not forgotten either the bank or the Ovingtons; and proved it presently to Arthur's surprise. 'Jos,' said the Squire one afternoon. And when she had replied that she was there, 'Where is Arthur?'

'I think he has just come in, sir.'

'Prop me up. And send him to me. Do you leave us.'

She went, wondering a little for she had not been dismissed before. She sent Arthur, who, after his usual fashion, scaled the stairs at three bounds. He found the old man sitting up in the shadow of the curtains, a grotesque figure with his bandaged head. The air of the room was not so much musty as ancient, savouring of worm-eaten wood and long decayed lavender, and linen laid by in presses. On each side of the drab tester hung a dim flat portrait, faded and melancholy, in a carved wooden frame, unglazed; below each hung a sampler. 'You sent for me, sir?'

'Ay. When's that money due?'

The question was so unexpected that for a moment Arthur did not take it in. Then the blood rushed to his face. 'My mother's money, sir?'

'What else? What other money is there, that's due? I forget things but I dunno forget that.'

'You don't forget much, sir,' Arthur replied cheerfully. 'But there's no hurry about that.'

'When?'

'Well, in two months from the twenty-first, sir. But there is not the least hurry.'

'This is the seventeenth?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, I'll pay and ha' done with it. But I'll ha' to sell stock. East India Stock it is. What are they at, lad?'

'Somewhere about two hundred and seventy odd, I think, sir.'

'And how do you sell 'em?' The Squire knew a good deal about buying stock but little about selling it, and he winced as he put the question. But he bore the pang gallantly, for had not the boy earned his right to the money and to his own way? Ay, and earned it by a service as great as one man could perform for another? For the Squire had no more reason than those about him to doubt that he owed his life to his nephew. He had found him beside his bed when he had recovered his senses, and putting together this and certain words which had fallen from those about him, and adding his own hazy impressions of the happenings of the night, and of the young man on whose shoulder he had leant, he had never questioned the fact. 'How do you go about to sell 'em?' he repeated. 'I suppose you know?'

'Oh, yes, sir, it's my business,' Arthur replied. 'You have to get a transfer—they are issued at the India House. You've only to sign it before two witnesses. It is quite simple, sir.'

'Well, I can do that. Do you see to it, lad.'

'You wouldn't wish to do it through Ovington's?'

'No!' the Squire rapped out. 'Do it yourself.'

'You wouldn't mind if I did it through their brokers? I can trust them.'

'Do it as you please, as long as you don't bring in—that man,' grumpily. 'But lose no time. Write at once.'

'Very well, sir. I suppose you have the certificates?'

''Course I have,' annoyed. 'Isn't the stock mine?'

'Very good, sir. I'll see to it.'

'Well, see to it. And, mark ye, when you're in Aldersbury see Welshes, and tell them I'm waiting for that lease of lives. I signed the agreement for the new lease six weeks ago and I should ha' had the lease by now, Stir 'em up, and say I must have it. The longer I'm waiting the longer the bill will be! I know 'em, damn 'em, though Welshes are not the worst.'

When he had settled this he wanted a letter written, and Arthur sat down at the oaken bureau that stood between the windows, its faded green lining stained with the ink of a century and its pigeon-holes crammed with receipts and sample-bags. While he wrote his thoughts were busy with the matter that they had just discussed, but it was not until he found himself standing at a window outside the room, staring with unseeing eyes over the green vale, that he brought his thoughts to a head, and knew that even at the eleventh hour he hesitated.

Yes, he hesitated. The thing that he had so much desired, that had presented itself to him in such golden hues, that had dazzled his ambition and absorbed his mind, was within his grasp now, ready to be garnered—and yet he hesitated. Ovington was a just man and beyond doubt would release him and cancel the partnership agreement, if he desired to have it cancelled. And he was very near to desiring it at this moment.

For he saw now that there were other things to be garnered—Garth, its broad acres, its fine rent-roll, the old man's savings, Josina. Secure of the Squire's favour he had but to stretch out his hand, and all these things might be his; might certainly be his if he gave up the bank and his prospects there. That step, if he took it, would remove his uncle's last objection; it would bind him to him by a triple bond. And it would do more. It would ease his own mind, by erasing from the past—for he would no longer need the five thousand—a thing which troubled his conscience and harassed him when he lay awake at night. It would

erase that blot, it would make all clean behind him, and it would at the same time remove the impalpable barrier that had risen between him and his mother.

It was still in his power to do all this. A word would do it. He had only to go back to the Squire and tell him that he had changed his mind, that he no longer wanted the money, and was not going into the bank.

He hesitated, standing at the window, looking on the green vale and the hillside beyond it. Yes, he might do it. But what if he repented later? And what security had he for those other things? His uncle might live for years, long years, might live to quarrel with him and discard him. Did not the proverb say that it was ill-work waiting for dead men's shoes? And Josina? Doubtless he might win Josina, for the wooing; he had no doubt about that. But he was not sure that he wanted Josina.

He decided at last that the question might wait. Until he had written the letter to the brokers, until then, at any rate, either course was open to him. He went downstairs. In the wainscoted hall, small and square, with a high narrow window on each side of the door, his mother and Josina were sitting on one of the window seats. The door stood open, the spring air and the sunshine poured in. 'I'm telling her that she's not looking well,' his mother said, as he joined them.

'She spends too much time in that room,' he answered. Then, after a moment's thought, rattling the money in his fob, 'Is Farmer coming to-day?'

'No.' The girl spoke listlessly. 'I don't think he is.'

'He's made a wonderful recovery,' his mother observed.

'Yes—if it's a real recovery.'

'At any rate, the doctor hopes that he may come downstairs in ten days. And then, I'm afraid, we shall have Josina to nurse.'

The girl protested that she was well, quite well. But her heavy eyes and the shadows under them belied her words.

'Well, I'm off to town,' he said. 'I have to see Welshes for him.'

He left them, and ten minutes later he was on the road to Aldersbury, still undecided, still uncertain what course he would pursue, and at one moment accusing himself of a weakness that deserved the contempt of every strong man, at another praising moderation and a country life. Had he had eyes and ears for the things about him as he rode, he might have found much to support the latter view. The cawing of rooks, the murmur of wood-doves, the scents of late spring filled the balmy air. The

sky was pure blue, and beneath it the pastures shone yellow with buttercups. Tree and field, bank and hedgerow rioted in freshest green, save where the oak wood, slow to change and careless of fashion, clung to its orange garb, or the hawthorn stood out, a globe of snow. The cuckoo and the early corncrake told of coming summer, and behind him the Welsh hills simmered in the first heat of the year. Clement, had he passed that way, would have noted it all, and in the delight of the eye and the spring-tide of all growing things would have found ground to rejoice, whatever his trouble.

But Arthur, wrapt in his own thoughts, barely noticed these things. He rode with his eyes fixed on his horse's ears, and only roused himself when he saw the very man whom he wished to see coming to meet him. It was Dr. Farmer, in the mahogany-topped boots, the frilled shirt, and the old black coat—shaped as are our dress coats but buttoned tightly round the waist—which the dust of a dozen summers and every road in the district had whitened.

'Hallo, doctor!' Arthur cried as they met. 'Are you going up to the house to-day?'

'No, Mr. Bourdillon. But I can if necessary. How is he?'

'That is what I want you to tell me. One can't talk freely at the house and I have a reason for wishing to know. How is he, doctor?'

'Do you mean——'

'Has this really shaken him? Will he be the same man again?'

'I see.' Farmer rubbed his chin with the horn-handle of his riding-crop. 'Well—I see no reason at present why he should not be. He's one in a hundred, you know. Sound heart, good digestion, a little gouty—but tough. Tough! You never know, of course. There may be some harm we haven't detected, but I should say that he had a good few years of life in him yet.'

'Ah!'

'Of course, an unusual recovery—from such injuries. And I say nothing about the sight. I'm not hopeful of that.'

'Well,' said Arthur. 'I'll tell you why I asked. There's a question arisen about a lease for lives—his is one. But you won't talk, of course.'

Farmer nodded. He found it quite natural. Leases for lives were still common, and doctors were often consulted as to the value of lives which survived or which it was proposed to insert. With another word or two they parted and Arthur rode on.

But he no longer doubted. To wait for eight or ten years, dependent on the whims of an arbitrary and crotchety old man?

No! Only in a moment of imbecility could he have dreamed of resigning for this, the golden opportunities that the new world, opening before him, offered to all who had the courage to seize them. He had been mad to think of it, and now he was sane. Garth was worth a mass. He might have served a year or two for it. But seven, or it might be ten? No. Besides, why should he not take the Squire at his word and make the best of both worlds, and availing himself of the favour he had gained, employ the one to exploit the other? He had his foot in at Garth and he was no fool, he could make himself useful. Already, he was well aware, he had made himself popular.

It was noon when he rode into Aldersbury, the town basking in the first warmth of the year, the dogs lying stretched in the sunshine. And he was in luck, for, having met Farmer, he now met Frederick Welsh coming down Maerdol. The lawyer, honestly concerned for his old friend, was urgent in inquiry, and when he had heard the news, 'Thank God!' he said. 'I'm as pleased to hear that as if I'd made a ten-pound note! Aldshire without the Squire—things would be changing, indeed!'

Arthur told him what the Squire had said about the lease. But that was another matter. The Squire was too impatient. 'He's got his agreement. We'll draw the lease as soon as we can,' the lawyer said. 'The office is full, and more haste less speed. We'll let him know when it's ready.' Like all old firms he was dilatory. There was no hurry. All in good time.

They parted, and Arthur rode up the street, alert and smiling, and many eyes followed him—followed him with envy. He worked at the bank, he had his rooms on the Town Walls, he chatted freely with this townsman and that. He was not proud. But they never forgot who he was. They did not talk to him as they talked even to Ovington. Ovington had risen and was rich, but he came as they came, of common clay. But this young man, riding up the street in the sunshine, smiling and nodding this way and that, his hand on his thigh, belonged to another order. He was a Griffin—a Griffin of Garth. He might lose his all, his money might fly from him, but he would still be a Griffin, one of the caste that ruled as well as reigned, that held in its grasp power and patronage. They looked after him with envy.

(To be continued.)

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BOOK - NOTES

IT was inevitable that Sir Henry Lucy should be invited, or required, to continue his personal outpourings, and so we are to have the

SIR HENRY LUCY

later entries of his DIARY OF A JOURNALIST. It has stuff in it as good as its forerunner, but the author is modest. This extension, he explains, "is the result of the vastness of the stage before which I was privileged to occupy a seat in the pit, and the multiplicity of star actors who trod it. For myself I was merely a looker-on."

SINCE Lord George Hamilton published his first volume of PARLIAMENTARY REMINISCENCES six years ago their continuation has been eagerly looked for. The second completing volume has now appeared and has won an immediate success—and with reason, for these pages are informed with a first-hand knowledge of men and affairs. Parnell, the ex-Kaiser, Randolph Churchill, are among the figures, attractive or otherwise, who flit across the sometimes tragic scene.

A LITTLE BOOK, curiously supplementary to, though characteristically different from, Mr. McNeill's volume, is to be published at about the same time. IRELAND IN TRAVAIL it is called, and it tells of the adventures and experiences of Mr. Sydney Loch and his wife, who visited Ireland in search of the truth, and who seem to have justified their quest so far as is possible. "Ireland was one of the world's sores," they say—and now? Alas!

SIR ALGERNON WEST, that nonogenarian of abiding youthfulness who passed away last year, kept diaries; and, as he was something more than the private and

THE RT. HON. SIR ALGERNON WEST, K.C.B.

intimate secretary of Gladstone during his last administration, the jottings-down of these personal books have a very special interest to political historians of the 'nineties of the last century, as well as to the gossips. "A Grenville with a warmer heart" is Mr. Horace Hutchinson's description of this very Grand Old Man; the tribute is happy and true.

FOR nineteen years Dr. Wace has been the Dean of Canterbury, and at every Lenten season throughout that time he has delivered a series of simple addresses, his purpose being every year to elucidate the history of our Lord's Passion from the words of the Evangelists alone, to bring out into clear light the words that were uttered and the deeds that were done during that solemn day, and to leave them to make their own revelation.

WHICH is the most popular sea-yarn in literature to-day? In a recent competition organised by *The Nautical Magazine* readers were invited to send in their ideas in order to determine this interesting point. THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT, by Frank T. Bullen, was accorded the highest number of votes, and its companion book, "The Log of a Sea Waif" was also a great favourite. Both volumes are published in Murray's 2s. 6d. Library. The winning book has already reached its nineteenth impression.

FLEET-SURGEON W. E. HOME has written a book of very noble intention, entitled MERCHANT SEAMEN: THEIR DISEASES AND THEIR WELFARE NEEDS. Sad it is that still—even after their extraordinary War-time heroism—the sailors of the merchant ships should often have to endure comfortless and degrading conditions in their hard and difficult work. Truly the nation should live up to the words of the old Elizabethan song—

"We care for the merchante men
Who do our States maintain."

AS though to illustrate Surgeon Home's book, Mr. C. Ernest Fayle, with the second volume of his SEABORNE TRADE, published by direction of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence, illustrates the devotion of the merchant seamen, for this instalment tells the great story of their work in the war from the opening of the submarine campaign to the appointment of the Shipping Controller.

ALL the world knows that Gene Stratton-Porter is a great naturalist as well as the most popular novelist. It will be news to some of her admirers that she also

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

is a poet—"and a good one, too!" Mr. Murray has in his list a poem from her pen, THE FIRE-BIRD, the inspiration of which has come to her from those legendary Red Indians who have lent so much to the romance of America.

THE VISCOUNTESS CAVE, although a true, is not a conventional, historian. Her pen has imagination. And so she brings to the romantic story of THE PALACE OF RICHMOND a stimulating freshness of vision. For example, Alice Perrers, the favourite of Edward III, was, according to Lady Cave, born out of due season. To-day she would have been a Suffragette and have worked off steam in the House of Commons. She might even have been a member! Such suggestions add zest to a chapter of history strangely overlooked, even by those who know their Richmond.

BELIEF IN GOD, the first volume in Dr. Gore's "Reconstruction of Belief Series," received extensive notice from the Press and the public when it was issued in November last, and rapidly ran into six impressions. Its readers will welcome the announcement that the second volume, entitled BELIEF IN CHRIST, is now in preparation and will be published in the autumn. The third volume, which will be published at a still later date, and which will complete the Series, will be entitled THE HOLY SPIRIT AND THE CHURCH.

THE battle of the critics of the Scriptures is for ever continuing. Just at present it is the turn of the Modernists to endure the searching ordeal to which they have subjected, what may be called the teachings of the Conservative School of Exegesis. Dr. Harris, who has rendered great service to the cause of the Faith, has written a new volume, CREEDS OR NO CREEDS? in which he meets the Modernist views from a new standpoint. Usually the question raised is—Can they be reconciled with the Faith? He rightly raises the preliminary question—Can they be justified by the principles of philosophic and historic criticism on which they profess to be based? At the same time he is no stay-at-home, no Troglodyte. "Philosophy," says he, "is a progressive science, and to put the clock back to the thirteenth century as if nothing important had been discovered since seems to me a mistaken—perhaps a fatal—policy."

THE June number of THE CORNHILL will contain among other articles the customary instalment of OVINGTON'S BANK, by Stanley J. Weyman.

A further set of "Pictures of Wild Life in England," OPEN PATHS, by E. L. Grant Watson, carrying on into later months the impressions given in the April number.

The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, himself an Old Carthusian, who was at school at the old Charterhouse in London and actually saw Thackeray, writes of THACKERAY AND CHARTERHOUSE, showing how the schools to which the schoolboys in his novels go to were either Charterhouse itself, "Greyfriars," or possess characteristics which belong to Charterhouse as he remembered it.

THE CRUISE OF THE "PYLADES," by W. Senior, gives the full history of an incident alluded to in the recently published CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD BYRON, when his friend, the young Marquis of Sligo, persuaded some of His Majesty's sailors to desert and join the crew of his own brig—proceedings which ended in his fine and imprisonment when he reached England again.

In GAUDEAMUS IGITUR General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., describes a strange scene in Delhi last year suggestive of what is happening now in London: the crowd of the maimed and the halt, Moslem and Hindu alike, pouring into a Christian church to be cured by an English faith-healer.

MR. RONALD MCNEILL'S new book, ULSTER'S STAND FOR THE UNION, has a significant dedication, "To the Memory of the Unionist Party." There is in the volume, which tells a story of national devotion, full justification for the pointedness and for the bitterness of those words.

SURELY the most evil of the afflictions to which humanity—alas!—is heir is Cancer, and Breast Cancer is the most terrible form of that disease. Yet the battle against the horrid enemy continues, as is shown by the developments realised in the six years since Dr. Sampson Handley's work, CANCER OF THE BREAST AND ITS TREATMENT, went out of print. On the one hand, much has been learned from the experimental study of cancer in animals; and much, on the other hand, from a remodelling of the methods of histology—the systematic application of the microscope over extensive areas as opposed to the old "cheese-tasting" method of microscopic examination. A second edition of this essential volume is in the press.

These books are published by MR. MURRAY, *and may be obtained from any bookseller. Mr. Murray will be glad to send his* QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW BOOKS *to any reader of* THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE *on request being made to him at* 50A *Albemarle Street, London,* W. 1.

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